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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS
DORCAS THE DAUGHTER OF
FAUSTINA. Chapters IV and
V. By the author of "Arius the
Libyan." Illustrated.

THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK, and
Comments Upon Current Events.
By A. W. Tourgée.

Stories, Poetry, and Miscellaneous
Articles with the regular depart-
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FORTHCOMING NUMBERS OF THE CONTINENT

WILL CONTAIN AMONG OTHER INTERESTING FEATURES:

In the successive chapters of **Dorcas, the Daughter of Faustina**, following the fortunes of the Christian Maiden and the Roman Centurion during the terrible persecutions that attended the early days of the Church, the author of "Arius the Libyan" has, in this historical novel, more than borne out the promise of his first work. . . . It will not be the fault of **THE CONTINENT** if the public forgets the impending danger that threatens its institutions through the spread of illiteracy. The idea that National Education is the only sure National Salvation will be enforced at every opportunity. . . . A novel and attractive feature will shortly be introduced in the publication of a series of Stories by distinguished authors whose names will be published collectively--but whose special authorship in the series in question will not be revealed. Prizes will be offered for guesses at authorship, in connection with this scheme. . . . "Queen Louise, of Prussia," "The Arts of Decoration," "Kate Greenaway," "Randolph Caldecott," are some of the illustrated articles now in course of preparation. . . . Dr. McCook's "Tenants of an Old Farm," with its curious facts and fancies, will be continued.

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THE CONTINENT

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THE VICE-PREFECT WAS EXPATIATING UPON THE GLORY AND GREATNESS OF ROME.

DORCAS, THE DAUGHTER OF FAUSTINA.

BY NATHAN BEN NATHAN, AN ESSENEAN,
(AUTHOR OF "ARIUS THE LIBYAN.")

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH DORCAS RUNNETH AWAY.

SWIFTLY and pleasantly passed the time for Dorcas at the Roman's beautiful villa; and day by day the brave old Varus became more and more attached to his young secretary, and day by day she became more necessary to his happiness, not only as reader and copyist, but also as companion and friend. She was the first chaste, cultivated girl this patrician soldier had ever known. The Roman wife was emphatically the mistress of the house only; and the bright, educated women upon whom, in earlier life, his wandering fancy had been fixed in temporary devotion, were the graceful and accomplished hetairæ of Greece, the coarser but still attractive women of Rome, the seductive beauties of Egypt, or female adventurers from other provinces of the vast Empire, who made their way to public favor and notoriety by mere physical perfectness, or by graceful accomplishments and mental brightness. The patrician classes of the Roman women were uneducated, ill-treated and despised. Marriage was a con-

tract, a business transaction—a very important business, matter, too—to the doing of which the law compelled men under onerous penalties; and Varus, having once transacted this unpleasant business, had abided by the terms of the contract (which had really been an advantageous one) with an exemplary consistency unusual and honorable at Rome. His own daughters had died before reaching maturity, and, although he was a good father, he had never realized the sentiment of elevated and pleasant affection and companionship before Dorcas came to dwell in his house. They had long and frequent conversations, not only upon the subjects of which his manuscripts treated, but upon general questions of ethics and religion. Strangely enough, the girl had never avowed openly any religious convictions, a fact which he naturally accounted for by his belief that she was a Jewess, between whom and a Pagan there could be found no common grounds for compatibility of sentiments. But the life they were leading was very pleasant to both of them. The aged warrior and the young girl conceived a strong friendship for each other, founded

upon mutual respect and mutual tolerance. He vastly admired the transparent delicacy, purity, and intelligence of the chaste young spirit with which he was brought into daily contact, and she gladly honored a nature so true, manly and straightforward as his ever appeared to be.

Upon a single point they seemed to be utterly unable to comprehend each other. The Vice-Prefect's idea of right was that it consisted of what the laws require one to do, or to omit, and of whatever was considered to be usual and honorable in a Roman of rank. He could not comprehend her thought that right exists independently of all Roman statutes and customs—civil, military or religious; and that these were to be tried by some standard above and beyond the reach of all Roman jurisprudence, civil or military. She was incapable of understanding how it was possible that so good a man could be satisfied with the doing of every duty imposed by law, custom or religion, seeming to be profoundly ignorant of any higher sense of obligation, or of any purer standard of ethics. But there was no jarring or discord between them, and their discussions commonly terminated in an amicable recognition of the fact that some things which seemed to be familiar as household words to one were an unintelligible jargon to the others. He naturally attributed it to the fact that she was a woman, and, therefore, naturally subject to intellectual hysterics, or mental obtuseness, as all other women are.

The relations existing between herself and the young centurion gradually assumed a strange and almost indefinable shape. It would not be entirely incorrect to say that he failed to comprehend the passion for her which was daily becoming more and more a part of his existence. Any sentiment of pity for her personally, or any regard for the chastity of which she was the living embodiment, was beyond the range of his experience. The Roman youth of his age and rank was incapable of either understanding or believing in any such thing, even among the girls whom he might regard as his equals, and among whom he expected that he would some day be compelled to select a wife. In fact, that genuine modesty which loves and cherishes whatever is pure for its own sake, was incomprehensible to both sexes in the higher classes of that age. They knew that marriage meant a contract into which no man but an idiot would enter because of any merely sentimental preference—a contract that, however repulsive it might be and generally was, ought to be justified by the social and political advantages to be reaped from it. As for what they denominated "love," it was the fashion to seek it elsewhere than in the marital relation; and a Roman who was actually in love with his wife would generally have been an object of ridicule and contemptuous pity. And yet, after Marcellus had first met Dorcas with such boisterous demonstrations of his preference for her, he had never ventured upon any similar advances; why, he could not have told. He therefore found himself daily becoming more and more hopelessly enamored of a girl who quietly but continually became more and more unapproachable to him. It was a monstrous paradox in his experience, and he would have laughed loud and mockingly if he had discovered any one of his associates in a position at once so inexplicable and so tantalizing.

Without seeming to do so, she had carefully avoided giving him an opportunity to see her alone, and yet, in the presence of his father or mother, she had met him without a shadow of embarrassment and with unvarying kindness. She really enjoyed being with him. He

was certainly the handsomest young man she had ever seen, and his rollicking and boisterous manners and self-conceit did not seem to be much out of place in one who was so young, an only son and heir to such splendid advantages. He was so quick, so intelligent, so kind and generous, and of such sterling integrity according to the light by which he walked, that it was impossible to be near him without feeling the almost irresistible magnetism of his healthy, hearty, manly character and person. And yet to her this splendid youth seemed maimed and dwarfed in the immortal part of him, and, knowing the moral deformity which paganism had produced in him, in common with all the youth of his rank in the great heathen empire, she felt a certain indefinable sense of pity and compassion for the undeveloped spiritual nature which she believed must be inherent in a physical and intellectual organization so robust and beautiful. True, she herself was but fifteen years of age, and the colder blood of the north which temperately flowed through her brain and heart, had permitted her swift and bright intellect to grow and blossom wonderfully under the careful and life-long tutelage by which she had profited, while, in every physical sense, she was little more than a child, at an age at which the warmer-blooded daughters of Italy were passionate women on all the sensuous sides of existence, and children in all other things.

The twain seemed in many particulars to be typical of the antagonistic systems under which they had been reared. He was a fit type of the hard, practical, physical life of splendid Rome, with its vast and truthful boastings of action and achievement—she of another and utterly different civilization—a system that exalted spiritual life and regarded with scorn, or, at least, with indifference, all of the pomp and splendor of the world in which Rome gloried—a system which boldly taught, in the very teeth of all of the wisdom of the ancients, and all of the practice of the centuries, the utter injustice of all class distinctions and prerogatives, and the worth and dignity of man, not as kings, nobles, philosophers or millionaires; not as Romans, Greeks, Jews or barbarians, but simply as man—a truth unknown to human philosophy and statesmanship until Jesus Christ proclaimed it.

Often and over again these salient and irreconcilable differences cropped up out of even the simplest and most informal conversations, and both the Vice-Prefect and the centurion would listen with wonder, respect and interest to the young girl, yet almost a child, who, quietly and modestly, but persistently, dared to maintain that war, in which Rome gloried, was only national crime and legalized murder; that slavery, which was sanctioned by the laws and religion of the empire and the practice of all ages and of all peoples, was contrary to the will of God and to the honest, unbiased deliverance of every man's consciousness; that all class distinctions founded upon accidents of birth, rank or fortune were a wrong to the people; and that the legal right to hold, acquire and transmit private property-rights served only to foster inhuman selfishness, and to give immortality to fraud, pride, tyranny and injustice. These radical opinions were never uttered by the young girl as if she had learned and repeated from memory lessons at variance with the laws and usages of Rome, nor with the dogmatic air which characterized the utterances of the philosophers; but as if they were the inspiration of convictions too profound for argument—the outpourings of some hidden but living well-spring of feeling and of thought. This intellectual and moral purity and strength in a young and beautiful girl

was something so new, strange and attractive to both father and son, that often after some sudden, almost sybilline utterance that seemed to flow spontaneously from the very depths of her pellucid soul, Varus would say:

"She hath a daimon, centurion!"

And Marcellus would answer: "Yea, Vice-Prefect—a wise and beautiful daimon!"

And this explanation of a womanly intelligence and chastity of thought and feeling which was phenomenal in the experience of these two excellent Romans, as it would have been in the experience of almost all men of their rank in the Imperial City, was confirmed to their minds by the strange fact that Dorcas habitually stated things in the form of questions or suggestions that cut down to the very tap-roots of polytheism, and of all the social and political life of Rome.

One evening, sitting in the shade of the trees (more than half the life of the Romans was passed out of doors), the Vice-Prefect was explaining to Dorcas and Marcellus a plan of the great city, and expatiating upon the glory and greatness of Rome, as he pointed out an arch here which indicated a triumph of the Roman arms in Britain, that showed the subjection of great warlike tribes in Gaul, and the other similar successes in Germania. Here were mementos of victories in Africa, in Asia—almost throughout the world.

"Thus you perceive," said Varus, "that holy Rome, under the protection of the immortal and favorable gods, hath triumphed over the nations of mankind, and compelled them to contribute to her grandeur and her glory. Centurion, never forget how magnificent and glorious is thy native Rome, nor how the benevolent gods have favored thee by giving thee honorable birth and position in the all-illustrious empire, nor that it must be the labor of thy life to add to her renown."

Then said Dorcas quietly: "How many people are in Rome, Vice-Prefect?"

"More than four millions," answered Varus, "a number unequalled by any city in the world."

"And how many of them are slaves, Vice-Prefect?"

"About two-thirds of them are slaves," said he.

"Then," said Dorcas, "if the same ratio hold good throughout Italy, dost thou not think that the 'liberty and glory' of which thou dost so fondly boast are words which have no meaning to by far the greater part of the Romans? or is it true, Vice-Prefect, that just as

the government of Rome hath advanced in all physical power and progress, the condition of the slaves, and of all the poor, hath become continually harder and more hopeless; so that the grandeur for which thou dost magnify thy gods has been, in truth, the pride and glory of the few only, and the ever-increasing curse and burden of the many? Dost thou not think it had been better to have had less glory for the few who have a living interest in the affairs of government, and greater liberty and comfort for the vast multitude upon whom the waste and weight of all this glory rests, and none of its advantages?"

"Why, the slaves never think of these things," said Marcellus, "and if they did there would be endless servile war."

"Do the gods, also, control the destinies of the slaves and of the poor?" asked Dorcas.

"Certainly! All men are under the immortal gods," said Varus, "in whom we move and have our being."

"How many of thy gods are there?" asked Dorcas.

"The Flamen of Jupiter cannot answer that to thee," said Marcellus.

"And which of them," asked Dorcas, "is the especial protector of the slaves and of the poor? Which of them giveth his divine compassion

and unfailing aid to these unfortunates who constitute the great masses of the Roman people? What are the names of the divinities that invite the adoration and solicit the worship of the slaves and of the plebeians? Who more need divine assistance in proportion as they are deprived of all human respect, and of all the advantages of life? What kind divinity stands pledged to give justice, protection, blessings unto the plebeians and slaves?"

"I never thought of that before," answered Varus. "All other classes have their own protecting gods—even pirates, panderers and thieves—but there are no especial divinities for the slaves and plebeians as such."

"Ah! Then," said Dorcas, "it doth seem to me that if some splendid and compassionate god should take his station in your Pantheon, and cry aloud to these despised and afflicted people, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest! Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I, the Divinity, am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your lives; for my yoke is easy and my burden light'—it seems to me that such a divinity would be loved and worshiped by the common people with such adoration as Jupiter hath never known!"



"NAY, NAY, CENTURION, THIS CANNOT BE. FAREWELL, MARCELLUS! THIS CAN NEVER BE!"

"Why," said Varus, "thou hast uttered, in thy strange and beautiful fancy, almost such teachings as the odious Christian sect ascribe to Jesus, except that while they proclaim a savior for the slaves and plebeians, as thou hast fancied, they deny the great gods who protect the mighty Roman state, and all that is respectable therein."

"Dost thou suppose, then," said Dorcas, "that it was on this very account that the great Emperors Tiberius, Domitian, Trajan, Antoninus, Severus, Maximin, Decius, Gallus, Valerian, Diocletian, and now Maxentius, have always pursued and punished these Christians? Indeed, I have often heard the wise and learned Epaphras declare that the Pharisees and Scribes, who were the rich and respectable classes of his countrymen, crucified the poor and friendless Jesus, because they were covetous, and He taught the communion of saints,

tender hearts are quickly brought to bloom even long before old Hesiod sang:

"O Hesperus! thou bringest all good things!"

"See, Dorcas," said Marcellus, "how brilliantly the star of evening gleameth even through the half-light of day still lingering in the sky! Canst thou sing, Dorcas, that divine hymn in which Hesiod celebrates the kind god, Hesperus?"

"Nay," replied Dorcas, "for I was never taught the classic melodies of Greece and Rome; but I can sing a pretty little song which, Epaphras saith, was a favorite with my mother, and which, he saith also, is a translation, or rather an imitation, of the Greek poet's sweetest hymn."

"Dorcas, sing thou that song for me!"

Then the girl sang, to a low, soothing melody, the following words:

"O Hesperus, that burnest bright
As gems upon the brow of night!
Thou bringest weary toil, oppressed
By labor and by sorrows, rest,
And sleep, the comforter.

"Thou bringest cattle to the stall;
Sheep to the fold, men to the hall;
The wild bird to her leafy nest,
The babe unto the mother's breast,
The ship to havens safe!

Thou bringest dew unto the flowers,
And coolness to the glowing hours;
To peaceful homes fond thoughts, that prove
How sweet is tender human love,
And confidence and trust!

"O Hesper! as thy mellow light
Soothes, blesses, glorifies the night,
So may our faith in Him, whose care
Preserves thy large and gleaming sphere,
Preserve our spirits pure!

"Raise Thou our hopes and trust above!
Shed on our hearts, like dew, Thy love!
From sin and selfishness set free,
Let us, O Lord, commune with Thee
In perfect faith and love!"



"THY MOTHER DID KISS THEE AND MAKE THE SIGN OF THE CROSS UPON THEE."

which is community of property and rights, and that all men are born free and equal, a gospel for the poor that would abolish slavery and war, and would either level down the patricians to an equality with the plebeians, or level upwards and raise the plebeians to equality with the patricians, as I have heard thee also say these Christians do still teach."

"Verily," answered Varus, "the Christians do so teach; and the strangest thing to me is that thy questions do evermore bring up things in such a curious light that one is, for the moment, almost compelled to believe that these abominable heresies, which would destroy the empire, are right and true and best for the multitude. But, much as it pleaseth me to hear thy strange suggestions, which do continually provoke the mind to follow new and wonderful lines of thought that I have not found in Greek or Roman philosophy, I must leave thee now and go into the city, for there are impending disturbances that will require my presence there to-night. So, Dorcas, fare thee well. Centurion, farewell."

Then, under the seductive power of that soft Italian air, the west still rosy with the just sunken sun, there was silence between the young and beautiful couple—a dangerous silence, in which the fond emotions of all

"Dorcas, I thank thee. It is very beautiful," said Marcellus, drawing closer to the young girl upon the rustic bench upon which all three had been sitting before the departure of Varus. The centurion gazed into her beautiful face with eyes of infinite tenderness and longing, as he said, in the low tones of suppressed but passionate emotion:

"Why dost thou always shun me, Dorcas? During all the time thou hast made thine abode with us I have sought, but could never find, an opportunity to speak with thee alone; and even this evening I feared that thou wouldst leave me, when the Vice-Prefect departed, as thou hast ever done. Why art thou so distant, cruel and hard with me? For if I were too bold and presumptuous with thee when we did first meet, thou shouldst forgive me, for I did not then know thee, and supposed that thou wert as other Roman maidens who would have been delighted to be so caressed. But, Dorcas, I honor thee more than any woman upon the earth, and thou must not be so hard and unfriendly."

The young girl grew very pale beneath the subtle fire in his pleading eyes and the tender music of his voice. She arose, however, and in the act of going, said very kindly:

"Centurion, I have never been unfriendly to thee. I have ever felt great kindness toward thee: nevertheless it had been proper for me to have left thee as soon as

thy father departed, and I must do so now. Fare thee well!"

But as Dorcas turned away the young man seized her hands, and with very gentle but superior force drew her back into the seat beside him, saying:

"Nay, Dorcas, thou shalt not leave me so. I love thee, girl, with all my soul. By Venus Victrix and all other gods I swear that, of all women in the world, I care for thee only; and thou shalt have such honor and devotion of my heart as no other maiden in all Rome enjoyeth if thou canst love me, Dorcas. O darling, love me! love me! love me!"

In an ecstasy of passion and longing he threw his arms around the trembling girl, drew her to his throbbing heart and pressed his burning lips to hers. It was a sore trial for the youthful girl. For one brief, exquisite moment she yielded to the imperious power of love that submerged her being like a bath of flame, while all her heart yearned for the affection of the rare and glorious youth who wooed her with such passionate devotion. But instantly the relentless sense of right and of duty crushed down her yearning heart, and, gently disengaging herself from his passionate embrace, she spake in tones from which even her resolute and chastened will vainly strove to shut out the vibrant trill of tenderness that would make itself heard in every syllable:

"Nay, nay, centurion; this cannot be! Farewell, Marcellus! This can never be!"

"But why not, Dorcas? Yea," he cried, with all his soul shining in his burning eyes, "thou dost love me, Dorcas; thou canst not lie to me, thou dearest girl! Thou canst not gaze into mine eyes and say, 'I love thee not!' Try it, Dorcas. Look thou upon me, darling, and answer truthfully, dost not thou love me, Dorcas?"

She had never learned to lie; she could not do so; she felt that the young man's tender, pleading voice and eyes extorted the confession from her lips, and, gazing upon him with the seriousness of an infinite affection, she replied:

"Yea, Marcellus, it is even true: I love thee dearly; I love thee with my soul." Then, with inexpressible sadness, she continued: "Now, thou dear Marcellus, let me go hence. It is all over; this is the end of all; I have told thee that it cannot, cannot be. Farewell!"

"Nay," he cried, exulting in the triumph that had wrung from her lips that full confession of her love, and holding fast her little hands in both of his, "thou shalt not go. If thou dost love me, why say 'It cannot be'? By all the gods of Rome, thou shalt be mine! Why talkest thou so sadly and so foolishly? I am young and wealthy and honorable, and I will devote my life to thy happiness. Respect and love and every indulgence and elegance that rank and wealth can yield thee shall be thine. Think of thy hard and lonely life, dear Dorcas, with its privations, its unending toil, its social solitude and occlusion from all that is bright and joyous and beautiful in life! Think of the half-servile station which degradeth thee, and then think that with me there is naught the gods can give which thou shalt lack. O beautiful and beloved Dorcas, if thou lovest me even a little, it is mere madness and folly to say, 'It cannot be.' Come thou to me, love! Be mine!"

"Nay," said the girl softly. "Permit me to depart, centurion. I tell thee that it is impossible. I do love thee dearly, and I hope thou wilt not doubt that I have bestowed upon thee my first and only love, which shall be thine forever. But, much as I admire and love thee, I tell thee truly that I would welcome any form of



DORCAS TURNED OFF INTO A TANGLED MAZE OF BRAMBLES, UNDERBRUSH, AND TREES.

death rather than remain with thee as thou wishest. It is impossible: it cannot be. Farewell!"

But he held her hands fast, exclaiming: "There was never such a maiden in the world as thou. Thou lovest me, and thou knowest that my very heart is thine; and yet thou dost reject all that my ardent affection is praying to bestow upon thee; and thou preferest poverty and toil and self-denial, and even death itself, without me, to pleasure, ease and elegance in my loving arms; and thou dost starve both of our hearts! It is most cruel, unnatural, inexplicable! What strange insanity is this that leadeth thee to trifle with thine own heart and mine, and all the fair advantages of life? I desire to know, and have the right to know, the reason, if there be any reason, for this course of thine, which every girl in Rome would surely censure as most unjust and cruel! Or dost thou wound me so bitterly and thine own heart through mere womanly vanity and perverseness, without a cause?"

Then stood she up most pale and resolute. She knew well the feelings and opinions of that great Roman world to which the youth belonged, and understood perfectly that her refusal to accept as her lover the only man she loved, who was so passionately attached to her, must seem to him to be, as he had said, cruel, unnatural and inexplicable. She could not bear to have him believe that she would inflict such pain upon him without a cause; and so, pressing her hands upon her heart to still its mighty anguish, she gazed into his eyes with a mournful tenderness, saying:

"Thou dear and noble Marcellus, think not I would refuse thee for any trivial cause, or for any cause that is not stronger and more imperious to my soul than is the love of life or the fear of death. Friend, that life which thou desirest me to lead is to me unpardonable sin and shame. Thou canst not understand it so, perhaps, but I deny thee as I would do if the words should tear my heart up by the roots, because I am a Christian. Now, centurion, thou knowest that it is impossible! Farewell."

Then strange, tumultuous changes swept like storms across his soul and left their shadows on his face. His first glance at her upon her making this damning avowal of her faith in Christ was one of utter loathing and contempt, as if she had said, "I am a leper." But the girl stood there so quiet, submissive, beautiful; so full of sorrow for the pain she had given him, and he loved her so much that this first impulse of horror quickly faded out, and the old, passionate yearning for her assumed a momentary sway, only to be succeeded by a tempestuous rage.

"A Christian!" he said, almost gnashing his teeth in his convulsive passion. "One of the accursed sect that hates the world. And thinkest thou, girl, that I am weak and purposeless enough to suffer the hideous teachings of this outcast and criminal association to doom thee and myself to life-long sorrow? No, Dioscuri! No! by all the shining gods of heaven! by all the kind and pitiful daimons that people earth and air! by all the dark divinities that reign in hell, thou shalt be mine! I will reclaim thee from this baleful superstition, and bring thee back into the way of reason and of nature! Even for thine own sweet sake, Dorcas, even by force if thou refuse, within this hour thou shalt offer sacrifice to Venus; or I will summon the lictors and have thee dragged before the magistrates and punished, as thou hast no doubt heard the Christian girls are punished by the Emperor. Prepare thy mind, Dorcas. I love thee too tenderly to leave thee in the power of this accursed sect. I go now to make

ready fit sacrifices to the beautiful goddess, and straightway will return to teach thee her amiable and delightful service; and so reclaim thee, at least, from this malignant superstition of the Christians."

Then turned he, and in all the hurry of extreme agitation, strode into the house.

With clasped hands and streaming eyes the young girl for a moment stood looking up into the wide and starry heaven, as if she hoped to find somewhere in its depths sublime the God of the Fatherless; then, with the light, swift gliding motion of a lapwing, she sped diagonally across the inclosure in front of the villa to the corner of the stone wall which fenced off the premises from the highway; placed her hands upon the top of the wall, and lightly swung her agile form first to the top and thence down into the Appian Way, upon which magnificent Roman road, the grounds of Varus fronted.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH DORCAS HEARETH THE STORY OF FAUSTINA.

LIGHTLY and swiftly the maiden Dorcas sped along the splendid road, which was almost deserted at that hour of the night, looking neither to the right nor to the left, nor pausing even a moment on her breathless journey, mile after mile, until she reached a point at which her way left the road and turned off abruptly into a tangled maze of brambles, underbrush and trees that marked the site of a former villa, long since destroyed, and left to that luxuriant vegetation which hides the rough face of desolation and decay. In the very heart of this wild waste she came to a fragment of ancient stucco work, that seemed once to have constituted part of the wall of a cellar or cistern, and passing by this she found an opening in the side of the adjacent hill, into which she stepped without a moment's hesitation. Dorcas had trodden the same road every Seventh day since she first went to the villa of the Vice-Prefect Varus, and the utter darkness into which she entered now was pleasant as one's return to a beloved home.

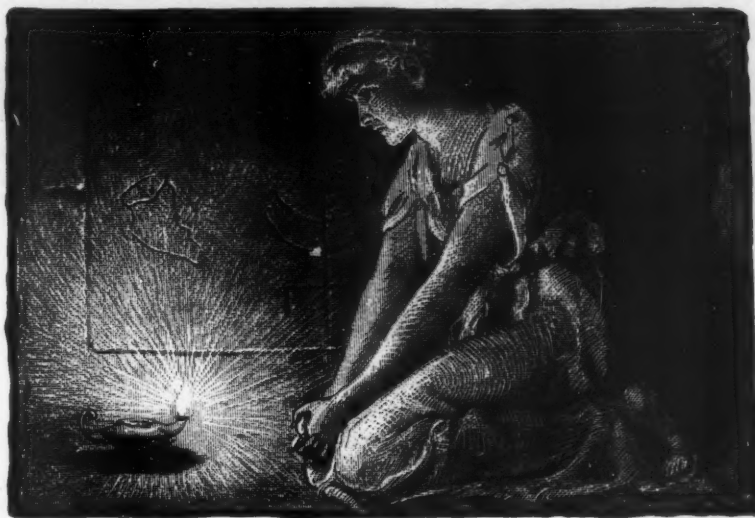
Not far from the entrance she groped about with her hands until she found a certain stone for which she sought, and, lifting it, she saw the welcome radiance of a diminutive lamp, whose delicate shaft of flame was always kept alive in that hidden crypt; and by this lamp she lighted one of many others that were carefully deposited in the same secret receptacle, and then, having carefully replaced the stone in its proper place, she took her lamp in her hand, and resumed her lonely journey. The place she was in was a gallery cut out of the rock, about eight feet high by perhaps, ten feet in width, the length of which seemed to be interminable. Furlong after furlong she continued on her way, now turning into other galleries that opened into that which she had first entered, threading the labyrinth of the vast catacombs with as little hesitation as if she had dwelt in their solitude and darkness all her life. She was alone, except for the unknown and countless dead whose mortal remains slept peacefully in narrow crypts cut into the rocky sides of the galleries, in irregular rows, one over another, like the windows in a dove-cote. Dorcas had walked a long distance, but at last reached a point where the walls of several intersecting galleries had been cut away in every direction, forming a room having capacity to accommodate even several hundred people upon the wooden benches that occupied the floor. There was also a low platform upon the eastern side of this room, with a small wooden table upon it and a larger table standing in front of it. Such was the chapel in

which the persecuted Christians of that age celebrated the ceremonies of their illegal and proscribed faith.

Having crossed this primitive chapel, the girl went on a short distance into another gallery, and paused; and, having placed her lamp upon the stony floor, she sank

brace and kisses he had given her, and her own transient but boundless joy at the discovery of her love for him.

Every Seventh day since she had been at the villa Dorcas had passed in the catacombs with certain holy



SHE PAUSED, PLACED HER LAMP UPON THE STONY FLOOR AND SANK DOWN UPON HER KNEES.

down upon her knees, and burst into an agony of tears, while her slight form shook with sobs of passionate sorrow, and her heart all vainly sought for peace in prayer. The crypt or sepulchre at which she kneeled was closed up by a slab of white marble, upon which some loving hand had cut an inscription like to that shown in the opening chapter of this history.

How long the young girl had been kneeling here in anguish and in prayer she did not know, but it must have been morning in the upper world when, with grave, sedate steps, a tall and handsome man, somewhat past the meridian of life, passed quietly along the gallery, and seeing first the lamp-light and then the kneeling girl, he paused, and laying his hand lightly upon her drooping head, spoke in low and loving tones these words:

"Grief, the refiner, that cometh unto all, hath come early unto thee, my daughter. Remember thou that He chasteneth whom He loveth, and scourgeth every one whom He receiveth; and thou shouldst lift up thy soul to him, having known, even from thine infancy, that He doeth all things well."

"O Father Epaphras, it is a sorrow greater than I can bear. Even my prayers rise not, but fall back to the cruel earth like a poor bird with broken wing. Would to God that I had never left this quiet holy place."

"No chastening for the present seemeth good, but grievous rather; yet afterwards it worketh out the peaceable fruits of righteousness. But come thou, Dorcas, into the chapel, and tell me all thy sorrow."

Then she rose up and meekly followed him; and, having set their lamps upon the table, they twain seated themselves upon a bench, and, in a voice broken repeatedly by sobs of grief, she told the presbyter Epaphras of her recent trouble with Marcellus without reserve, not omitting even to state the passionate em-

women, who made their home somewhere in its vast and gloomy recesses, among whom, indeed, she had been reared and taught; and she had always attended the services in the chapel, and, after services were over, she had always waited to converse with him, and had kept him informed of almost every incident of her life while there. So that while Epaphras was fully prepared for the story of the passionate love the young centurion had declared for Dorcas, he was not at all prepared for any such possibility as that Dorcas might reciprocate his love; for, indeed, the maiden had not herself known it until that evening, and her confession thereof filled him with sorrow and surprise.

"And thou lovest this proud Roman, the enemy of thy friends and of thy Lord?"

"Yea, father, all my heart runs out to him, as waters seek the sea! He is so good and noble, that if he only knew the truth he would not hesitate to give up his life therefor! But alas! alas! he does not know!"

"Thou must abide here in the catacombs for a long time to come," said Epaphras. "The liberal donations Varus gave to thee were a most welcome contribution to the treasury of the church, that suffereth so grievously from the persecution which Diocletian began, and which Maxentius continueth; but if it were ten thousand times as much, thou shouldst not place thyself for one hour in this heathen's power to gain it. Thou shalt remain here, and shalt not go forth again unless I may even find some other home for thee. The Vice-Prefect Varus is an honorable man, but there are few like him in this heathen Rome; and thou shalt go to none whom I do not thoroughly know and trust. But thou art now a woman, Dorcas, and the first sorrow of thy life hath come upon thee. It is fitting that I tell thee of thy mother, Faustina, whose last resting-place thou knowest, and if thou wilt take to heart her glorious example,



AND SO SHE WENT FORWARD CHANTING A PSALM OF VICTORY.

thou shalt be fortified to overcome the temptations of the world, the devil and the flesh."

"Thy mother was the daughter of the Cimbrian chieftain Segestus, whom thy grandmother, his wife, did follow to Rome when Germanicus brought him hither to grace his triumph, after the manner of the Romans. Thy mother was thus born in Rome; and when she had grown up to womanhood, in the faith of Jesus, she was married to the youthful presbyter Eugenius. He was martyred by the Jews of Celicia when on a journey to Jerusalem, at the time that thou wast one year old; yet, spite of earthly sorrows, she gloried in his death. A year after that, when certain Christians of our community were called to martyrdom in the Circus Maximus, thy mother Faustina insisted upon going to witness the glorious spectacle and see for herself how faith can triumph even over death. We did fear that the scene might unduly agitate one who had been physically delicate ever since the news of thy father's martyrdom had come to us; and when we found that she would not be dissuaded, we solemnly warned her that the slightest expression of sympathy for those who were called upon to suffer for their Lord, or the slightest condemnation of those who persecuted them, might subject her to the like trial at the hands of the jealous Romans. Then she and other Christians mingled with the crowd that had collected to witness the departure of our brethren on their way sublime. When the executioners approached their bound victims they began to chant the glorious words of Paul, 'O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?' And almost at the moment that the fatal blows descended upon them, the young mother, standing beside me, on the edge of the crowd, shouted in a clear, triumphant voice, whose sweet and solemn cadence filled the vast space around: 'Thanks be to God, which giveth them the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!'

"Almost immediately a centurion cried out: 'This woman also calleth on the accursed Galilean!' and he rushed forward to seize her. Then said I unto her: 'Give me thy child, Faustina!' Then the centurion

hailed her before the magistrates who had come to witness the enforcement of their judgment, saying: 'This woman hath now called upon God and Christ here in the presence of the magistrates, and of the soldiers;' and when they questioned her concerning the same, she boldly avowed her faith in Jesus. Then said the chief magistrate unto her: 'If thou wilt lodge with this centurion to-night, and in the morning make thy sacrifice to Venus, thou may'st live; if not, thou shalt die!'

"Then answered thy mother: 'I prefer the sword to the centurion, and death rather than idolatry; nor need thou delay, for I do love and worship Christ both now and to-morrow.'

"Then ordered they the centurion to lead Faustina to the executioners, and as they were crossing the open space between, I swiftly stepped forward and said to the centurion: 'This is the woman's babe; may she not bid the child farewell?' Then the Roman halted them that were with him, and thy mother did kiss thee, and did make the sign of the cross upon thee, and while she was doing this she turned away from the centurion, and I said unto her: 'Faustina, dost thou desire the Anastasis?'

"And with a smile she answered: 'Nay, but to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better! Care thou and our community for the babe!'

"Then I perceived of a truth that she had come thither in order to go hence by the sacred way, as so many of our people also have done, until the church forbade us to seek for martyrdom.

"And so she went forward chanting the psalm of victory, and with a sword those men struck off her head.

"Thou wilt see upon her tomb the Hebrew word 'Shalom,' which signifieth peace. Thou wilt see the green branch, signifying everlasting life. Thou wilt see the symbol of martyrdom, and next to it the urn, signifying Christian burial. For soon as the night had fallen certain of the brethren with me bore the body of the martyr hither. The slab which thou hast read I cut out even with mine own hand, and the inscription thereon. For, lo! I did love thy mother much and tenderly."

And the great tears welling up from the presbyter's soft eyes, and his broken, sobbing voice, attested the depth and deathlessness of that great love.

"I have told thee of these things at this time," said the presbyter, "because I would have thee, O daughter of martyrs, cast out of thy sinless heart this love for the proud Roman! Arise, my child, and go in peace, and may the peace of God go with thee!"

Then arose Dorcas meekly, and, bending over the presbyter, kissed she his forehead with mighty tenderness and reverence; and, taking up her lamp, she passed out of the chapel, seeking the more hidden recesses of the vast necropolis wherein abode the holy women.

Then the presbyter kneeled down and struggled woefully in prayer, and at last the sorrow of his burdened heart broke forth into a wail of limitless anguish:

"O Lion of the tribe of Judah," cried he, "give me of thy strength and courage, for I am desolate and sore afflicted. Thou didst call the mother whom I loved unto thyself by the quick way of martyrdom; and now the daughter, whom I have carried like a lamb in my bosom all these lonely years, this cruel Roman hath stolen out of my yearning heart, and human nature in me suffers more than death! Impart to me thine aid divine!"

Long wrestled he with that sore grief, but peace at last fell on him—peace that passeth all understanding—peace that floweth as a river—and rising to his feet once more, his grand and holy face less lighted by the little lamp he bore than by the radiance that beamed forth from his pure, exalted soul, the presbyter went quietly and gravely on his way.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HENRY JAMES ON AMERICAN TRAITS.

SHALL we never cease discussing Mr. James? Yet, doubtless, he is worthy of much discussion. Of living American novelists he is the most profoundly versed in the knowledge of national distinctions—Italian, French, English and American. For some twenty years he has been the most deeply interested in contrasting these by means of "An International episode." Of the aims and theories of contemporary fiction he stands as a foremost representative; among minor native writers he is believed to have a rather large following; and finally, were all other reasons wanting, there would remain the strong temptation to utter one's whole critical mind about a writer who seems to have adopted David Hume's resolution of paying not the least attention to his critics. For he increases the amount of psychological analysis in his books, although they have with general accord assured him that of analysis there is already too much; he becomes less warm, although they have urged that he is already too cold; he follows along his original lines of work, although they have pointed out that those lines run merely along the surface of things; he continues to labor in the old mine, although they have admonished him that it is already overworked; and he seems to favor more and more the literary form of the light, piquant, picturesque sketch, although they have solemnly warned him that such works will never take a permanent place among the standard English and American novels of the future. So Mr. James has his own way, and his critics have their own way—poor crabs, nibbling at the heels of Hercules, but with no share in the old-time crab's ultimate fate of being carried to the heavens and set there as a glorious constellation. We, the least of crabs, but with a mighty impulse to nibble, see some spots on the heels of the Hercules, whereat never yet hath crab, old or young, opened his jaws. Up to one of these we, the awkwardest of crabs, but with a strong determination to move gracefully, have made our way; and of its vulnerability the witnesses of our assault are humbly requested hereafter to give in their evidence.

The indentures of Fiction have always run to Poetry rather than to History; for its representations of human life have usually fallen into two categories—ideal and caricature—neither of which deserves a place in a gallery

of historic—that is, of national portraits. Naturally this has been true, because ideals and caricatures are comparatively easy to construct. An ideal, because the writer has little more to do than to consult his own mind; and when constructed it is little amenable to criticism, because there is no standard but the infinitely fluctuating one of ideals in other minds by which it can be criticised. A caricature is comparatively easy to construct, because the essential quality of caricature is exaggeration, and exaggeration is one of the easiest of literary devices to employ. The present realistic school of fiction in America, however—where the *Revue de deux Mondes* assures us that the best novels are being written—has assumed weightier obligations to history, in assuming that the end of the novel is to represent life. For under this view it undertakes the delineations of characters, which not only shall conform to all the requirements of human nature, and exhibit all the distinctness of individual life, but shall also embody the peculiarities of national character. But as soon as the novelist declares that it is the end of his work to represent both human life and national character, he discovers that the relations of his work to Truth have suddenly become very complex, and his responsibilities to Criticism largely augmented. For, observe what questions Criticism has to ask: What part of the population will the novelist take to represent the whole of the population? What part of the character of this part of the population will he take to represent its whole character? And what relation do these parts sustain to their respective wholes? Again, life as a whole is neither agnostic nor pessimistic; shall the novel that represents it be both agnostic and pessimistic? Life, as a whole, is eminently didactic; shall the novel of life be undidactic? Life, as a whole, is spiritual and religious; shall the novel of life be devoid of spirituality and religiousness? Life, as a whole, presents a scene of happiness and success; shall the novel of life represent a spectacle of wretchedness and failure? Life reveals character through action; shall the novel of life reveal character through a minimum of action and a maximum of psychological analysis? Life is made of finished lives; shall the novel of life begin to weave the tissue of lives, and then, suddenly dropping them, leave

the threads with the loose and dangling ends? Such questions as these does criticism ask of the historian of national life and of human life, and it is with respect to such questions that we wish to take a rather broad view of certain portions of Mr. James's writings, wherein for many years he has appeared as the novelist of American traits and types of character.

There is no need to say that in equipping himself for this work Mr. James has made an especial study of that numerous class of Americans who annually disseminate themselves through foreign lands or betake themselves to Europe as permanent residents with a view to music, art, relaxation, diversion, economy, culture, or the education of children; that is well known. But it is most pertinent to observe that toward this part of the American people he exhibits an attitude of commingled patronage, aversion and sarcasm that has profoundly affected the structure of many of his novels and much more affected the light in which his irritating compatriots are exhibited. In describing this class generally he has said that they are ill-made, ill-mannered, ill-dressed, and he has given repeated expression to a feeling of irritation aroused by encountering them in various parts of Europe. They are described as infesting the Derbyshire hills; as conveying beans to their mouths with their knives at Florence; as saying that the Coliseum will be a fine building when it is finished; as haggling over false intaglios and yawning through palaces and temples; as helping to convert the city of the soul into a monstrous mixture of the watering-place and the curiosity-shop; as in part responsible for his own impressions being adulterated and perverted. Upon the whole, to Mr. James, who by long residence abroad seems to have lost his relation of exteriority to Europe, his countrymen are very much what the Gauls were to Caesar—not a transalpine but a transpontine race of barbarians that threaten the peace of Italy. It is this feeling that becomes so apparent in his novels, reducing them in many cases to essentially the same form, disposing the relations of the characters, determining what kind of originals shall become the subjects of his studies and what parts of their characters shall be assumed as representative, and making of his books, in fine, a curious species of what Spielhagen calls the I-novel; for in most of them appears the same character—that of a young American traveler or resident in Europe. He has eaten of the tree of knowledge, and has a right to Europe, being of cosmopolitan taste and ideas. He discharges the same function toward other Americans who in various ways are less fortunate than himself; he laughs, but is never laughed at. He is everywhere at home and in the right place. For him the reader's sympathies are always bespoken, and from his decisions there is supposed to be no appeal. It is he who discovers Clement Searle in the English inn and takes him under his sheltering wing while he chronicles his weakness, his crudeness, and his delusion in regard to English society; who appears as the patron and *genre* painter in the "Last of the Valerii," and records the fancy of the heroine to disinfect her Yankee dollars of the vulgar odor of trade by consecrating them to the excavation of buried art; who falls in with Eugene Pickering at Homburg, and becomes his sagacious patron, while he describes the absurdity of his American training; who meets Theobald at Florence in the "Madonna of the Future," and becomes his gracious adviser, while he laments his absurd delusion; who finds Mme. de Mauves at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, and becomes her champion while he deplores her tragical mistake; who discovers the genius of Roderick Hud-

son, munificently introduces him to Italian art, and becomes the historian of several improper provincial and Europeanized Americans; who encounters Angela Vivian at Siena in "Confidence," becomes the hero of the story, and draws the character of several other Americans more or less false and foolish; who, sitting in the garden of the "Trois Couronnes" at Vevay, becomes interested in Daisy Miller, and sets up the type of the rural American daughter and mother; who observes Mrs. Headway in the "Théâtre Français," and disturbs her plans for the siege of London by his knowledge of her previous anomalous career of marriage and divorce in the Western States; who seeks the Pension Beaurapes in Geneva as a favorable place for the study of character, and is there thrown into the company of the two antithetic groups of Americans, whom he favors not less with his patronage and advice than he favors us with his biting satire and unsparing wit. We have emphasized the leading part taken by this personage, and the mood in which Mr. James habitually contemplates his subject as indispensable conditions of properly appreciating his general presentments of American traits and types of character; and with these in mind we shall proceed to inquire what kind of tribute he has paid to American womanhood. We intentionally forbear to generalize on this subject, and reproduce Mr. James's portraits in the light in which he has chosen to exhibit them.

The mother of Mme. de Mauves is represented as shutting her daughter up in a Parisian convent, being fonder of enjoying herself at Hamburg and Nice than of giving personal supervision to filial demands, and as afterwards objecting to her daughter's marriage on mercenary grounds. The mother of Roderick Hudson is represented as a weak-minded, tearful, uncultivated hypochondriac. The mother of Christina Light is represented as coarse, vulgar, silly, intriguing and immoral. She has dragged her illegitimate daughter over Europe in search of a titled or wealthy husband; she is attended by a man who discharges the duties of a courier, but is in reality the father of her child; she is so ignorant of art, though long a resident of Italy, that she mistakes an Adam for a gladiator, and an Eve for a Pocahontas. The mother of Angela Vivian is represented as a Puritan relaxed—a Bostonian perverted—the relaxation and perversion taking the form of degenerate anxiety to secure the fortune of a possible son-in-law. The mother of Daisy Miller is represented as an over-dressed vulgarian in manners, and an unparalleled imbecile in the matter of maternal authority and prudence. She sanctions relations of ridiculous familiarity with her courier, and is saved from the common pursuit of a European son-in-law by a degree of provincialism that leaves her in ignorance of the national chase. Mrs. Costello is represented as a visionary appraiser of her intellectual powers, as reveling in the memories of the hierarchical constitution of society in New York City, and as rigidly enforcing social distinctions toward less aristocratic Americans. Mrs. Penniman is represented as foolish, romantic, sentimental, much given to intrigue, mendacity and improper costumes. Mrs. Tristram is represented as a silly, chattering, gossip and discontented visionary—living in Paris for the sake of the advantages it affords for the toilet, and regarding her husband, whom she has married in order to revenge herself upon another man, with mingled indifference and contempt. Mrs. Touchett is represented as living apart from an altogether estimable husband—she in Florence; he, slowly dying, in England—and as cold, wholly selfish, and cherishing unbounded social ambitions. Mme.

Merle is represented as hypocritical, intriguing, lying ; as a disappointed aspirant for a titled marriage ; as the mother of an illegitimate child ; as effecting a wealthy marriage for the accomplished scoundrel who is this child's father, with a view of possibly bettering its fortunes. The Countess Elmini is represented as a bold, voluble woman, whose *liaisons* have been repeated to the point at which they become numerically vague. Mrs. Ruck is represented as silly, uncultivated, devoted to dress, tyrannized over by her daughter, a leech on the financial veins of her husband ; weak, wordly and contemptible. Mrs. Church is represented as having lived in every boarding-house in Europe ; a toady to foreigners, and as having educated her daughter with a view of securing the usual European husband. Mrs. Keith is represented as having her heart set upon a marriage that would bring a carriage and diamonds, and, when a widow, as offering a finished example of satisfied ambition ; these advantages having been secured without a feather's weight of other incumbrance. Mrs. Headway is represented as a coarse, bold woman, who has already been married and divorced so many times, that very properly the subject is touched with some vagueness ; who, nevertheless, is bent upon contracting an ambitious marriage in English society, one of the motives being to revenge herself upon New York society for slights received.

Such is a faithful account, though brief, of Mr. James's tribute to American womanhood. Throughout his writings there may be found some half a dozen characters, for the most part lightly touched in, of a better type ; but they have little or no force to counteract the effect of such a group as this—a phenomenal group, look where you will—with perhaps nothing comparable to it in all the range of literature, satire, burlesque or caricature. Certainly, any argument based upon its acceptance as a type would justify the worst that has ever been said of American women ; and certainly in view of it, one does not reflect with entire complacency upon the fact that English criticism has accepted Mr. James's portraits not only as actually historic, but as portraying the highest ideals apprehended by the western civilization. The question would naturally arise, if these are national portraits, are they portraits of the best, or of the ordinary run, or of the lowest, of American women at home and abroad ? But that every one must investigate for himself. As a single further illustration of Mr. James's methods in art we turn to his American heroes ; for while they throw additional light on his treatment of national traits, they show as well the general tendency of his agnostic and pessimistic principles.

Clement Searle represents what has often appeared in this country—an American claimant to an English estate ; but Clement Searle, a most pitiable American, who has lost wife, fortune, self-respect, energy, ambition—dies at the moment of succeeding to the ancestral home. Rowland Mallet represents the private munificence of the American citizen toward public institutions ; but Rowland Mallet is suddenly diverted from his philanthropic enterprise into a personal venture, which brings nothing but disappointment and sorrow to himself and all others, and leaves his own future apparently a blank and dreary waste. Roderick Hudson, if

not altogether a romantic character, represents the American genius brought face to face with European art ; but Roderick Hudson himself turns out to be a monster of egotism, selfishness, ingratitude and disloyalty to friendship and to love. Gordon Wright represents American liberality in furthering original research ; but Gordon Wright himself is, in his private affairs, an unprecedented dunderpate. Theobald represents again the American mind brought into relation with European art ; but Theobald is an idle dreamer and deluded enthusiast, whose twenty-year self-deception, when revealed to him, brings him at once to his death-bed. Robert Acton represents the cultivated, traveled, wealthy American gentleman ; but Acton does nothing, and in the end shrinks into the smallest imaginable compass of the commonplace. Caspar Goodwood represents the unthwarted powerful vigor of intellect, will and physical energy of the New Englander ; but Goodwood, for all his patience and exertions, encounters nothing but defeat in the dearest purpose of his life. Newman represents the victorious career of vicissitude, of hardship, of fortune—good and ill—in the anarchical turbulence of the young West ; but Newman, for all his goodness and strength and successes, meets only with failure in his supreme endeavor, and suddenly losing motive, faces with torpor a dull and faded future. The young hero who is so zealous in the cause of Mme. de Mauves that he falls in love with her and tells her so while her husband is living, sits quiet and never goes near her when her husband is dead. Ralph Touchett lives just long enough to see his fond scheme for ennobling the career of Isabel Archer become the means of her complete ruin. Even the poor moth that flutters around the dull flame of Catherine Soper's heart cannot succeed. The three ministerial characters that Mr. James has drawn—Lawrence, Brand and Babcock—are, the first a model of conceit, insincerity and treachery ; the second, of dull and rather heavy virtues ; the third, of mental and moral morbidity.

So runs the novel of human life and of national character away—the novel of American life that is based upon French canons of art, the novel of human life that is agnostic, that is pessimistic, that is undidactic, that is without spirituality and religiousness, that is freighted with magnificent analyses, but is light in deeds, that too often does not end, but stagnates or is abruptly discontinued. More than a part of the American element in Mr. James's novels we have not space to examine, though all of it should be examined with reference to the conclusion to be reached, which is this—that, in view of the mood in which he habitually contemplates his subject, in view of the part of the American people whom he has especially studied, in view of the part of the character of this part that he chooses to emphasize, in view of his deliberately applied canons of literary art, in view of his way of looking at human life and human destiny, Mr. James cannot be a fair and adequate historian either of our profounder cisatlantic life or of the great tendencies and realities of that common human life which make it worth the living.

Hercules goes his way ; the crab goes his.

JAMES LANE ALLEN.

THE IRON DOOR.

WITHIN the magic portals of the brain
Stretch endless corridors, mysterious halls—
Dim chambers, where no footstep ever falls;
Yet countless are the workmen they contain.
The myriad artisans of thought are there,
The ministers of pleasure and of pain.
To them the messengers of light and air
The phantoms of the universe inpour:
Those eidolons of sense that grow and fade,
That fuse and blend, 'till out of them are made
New worlds no less phantasmal than before.

Along those dusky corridors, somewhere,
Stands in the spotless wall an iron door,
Grim, keyless, with no outer latch or lock,
At which no man need ever pause or knock.
It opens unto no man's call or prayer.
Yet moments come, the breathless and the rare;
Come in the watches of the voiceless night,
When outer storms beat on the sense no more;
Then, swung by unseen hands, the iron door
Stands open wide; and, lo! forth streams of light,
More strange than ever shone on sea or shore.

A soft and silvery splendor, like that star
Seen by some pallid watcher of the night
In the white arms of dawn upheld afar,
Doth penetrate those labyrinthine aisles,
As mountain floods fill winding dark defiles.
Amid the dusky throng that wanders there
Of phantoms evanescent, light as air,
Strange forms of beauty, visions of delight,
Olympian guests, unseen, undreamed before—
Appear all radiant with celestial light
To him for whom hath swung the iron door.

Blessed are they the sons of men among,
For whom kind fate the mystic door hath swung.
Some flash of inspiration, insight clear,
Upon the humblest falls, some feeble spark
Of heavenly fire to light the deepest dark;
Whose sense that rare effulgence oft shines o'er,
Whose consciousness those forms of grandeur throng:
For him reluctant thoughts take wing and soar,
Slow words burst into eloquence or song;
The rapt world listens, generations hear,
And call him genius, poet, prophet, seer.

Above, beyond our struggle and desire
The light shines unto every man unsought,
And makes the cloudy pillars of our thought
Stand round about by night as flames and fire.
Within Thought's palace, by the iron gate
That guards a realm unconscious and unknown,
We shall not always, outbarred, stand and wait,
But through the door go in to claim our own
At the inmost court, as lord of man's estate,
Amid such blaze of light as ne'er yet shone—
All-conscious Mind shall sit upon the throne.

INVOCATION.

Thou who dwellest within us, form unknown,
Or spirit formless, person or presence lone:
Pan, dread opener of the mysterious door
That leads to universal knowledge: Brahm,
Existence absolute, eternal calm:
Budda, the Enlightened One, to whom was shown
All truth: or Christ, the Anointed, Light that more
And more doth shine unto the perfect day:
Unknowable God that sitteth on the throne!
Drive these deluding dreams of sense away,
Make us at last to know as we are known!

CHARLES R. DRYER.

AT ELLSWORTH'S.

BY SARAH D. HOBART.

I.
SHE was a tradition of the preceding summer; her wraith had haunted him from his arrival. Walking leisurely up the steep path from the lake, he came upon a group of girls clustered around one of their number who was just completing a sketch of a striking bit of landscape known in the nomenclature of the place as "the Point." As he approached the umpire of the party was saying, in the assured tone of the recognized critic, "It is very well done, indeed. No one has been more successful in interpreting the true spirit of the place—always excepting Mrs. Ramone."

"Ah," responded Blue-eyes deprecatingly, "of course I should never dream of competing with her."

Out on the broad veranda of the hotel two gentlemen

were lounging in easy chairs. As he passed he caught this fragment of their conversation: "She has a fine voice, it is true; but when you have once heard Mrs. Ramone you will never mention Miss Lindsay's singing again."

An hour later he sat in the breezy parlor in pleasant chat with Miss Lindsay, a friend of several years' standing. "I am so glad that you have come, St. George," she said heartily. "You will be an invaluable help in our charades; but we cannot do anything with them till Mrs. Ramone returns."

"Who is Mrs. Ramone?" he asked, his curiosity piqued beyond endurance.

Miss Lindsay arched her eyebrows in surprise. "I forgot that you did not know. She is a charming

young widow, the autocrat of Ellsworth's; the kind, beneficent spirit who redeems the place from dullness—discovers at a glance our capabilities and who helps to develop the best that is in us. She excels in music, painting and conversation, and would, I am sure, in dancing, but that she can never be persuaded into anything so giddy. She is an exhaustless mine of knowledge for the devotees of art needle-work, buries herself in wise old books by way of recreation, and is worshipped by every woman and child on the place."

"And the gentlemen?" hazarded St. George.

Miss Lindsay gave a little toss of her shapely head. "I think she is hardly aware of their existence."

That evening he strolled along the banks of the lake arm in arm with his college friend, Gault Hermann, whose enthusiastic representations had induced him to judge for himself of the vaunted attractions of this famed resort which had sprung into existence the preceding summer.

During a lull in the conversation he took occasion to propound the inquiry which Miss Lindsay had answered so unsatisfactorily. "Pray tell me, Gault," he said, "who is this Mrs. Ramone whose praises I hear on every hand?"

"That is just what none of us know," responded his friend. "It seems that she has been in the habit of spending her summers here for several seasons before the hotel was built. We found her here on our arrival, and know no more of her than that she is wonderfully accomplished and thoroughly womanly. She reigns among the feminines an undisputed queen. The men admire her at a respectful distance; she seldom deigns to favor one with a glance. One might as well undertake to strike up a flirtation with a statue; and yet she is not scornful, I think, so much as absorbed."

"I think I know the type," said St. George, indifferently; "but your kindly adjective would be better interpreted, indolent. There is really nothing in the world as she views it worth exerting one's self for."

"There you are wrong," answered Gault, warmly. "Mrs. Ramone is the personification of energy. She takes long walks and rides in the early morning hours, and only last week I saw her returning from a row on the lake when the sun was just peeping above the horizon. She throws herself into all her pursuits with such fervor that one is tempted to think she wishes to forget herself; and in her moments of leisure, when one comes upon her in some unfrequented spot, it is not the stereotyped novel of the period which occupies her attention, but some musty volume of ancient lore." Gault stopped suddenly; he was becoming conscious that he was confessing a great deal.

"You seem to be quite familiar with the lady's tastes and habits," said his friend, looking at him keenly.

The young man colored. "I saw much of her last season," he answered, evasively. "Our number here was so small—and my mother was quite charmed with her. During the winter she disappeared. We could learn nothing of her, but found her here again at the beginning of the season. She was called away a few days since by the illness of a friend, but will return to-morrow."

"Of course she is beautiful, this paragon of yours," St. George was watching the changing color in his friend's cheek.

"You would not think her so. I remember your *penchant* of old for peachy cheeks and sunshiny hair. She is, as I have intimated, of the statuesque order, and has that clear, colorless complexion which indicates

not so much ill-health as a superabundance of magnetic force. The only touches of color in her face are in the red lips and eyes of a deep dark blue. She dresses always in black, wears no ornaments, and has the simplest, quietest ways imaginable, and yet she would attract attention in any company. One cannot be in the same room with her for ten minutes without being impressed with her personality."

St. George tossed away his cigar and drew his friend's arm closer within his own, as if to make amends for the offensiveness of his remark as he asked, "Shall I tell you what I think of your charming incognito, Gault?" and as the young man looked up inquiringly he added: "I think she is an adventuress."

Gault drew away sharply. "Ah! but you have not seen her," he said.

II.

It was two o'clock of a July afternoon. St. George and Gault, out on a fishing excursion, had tired of their sport, and leaving their boat in the bushes that fringed the water's edge, climbed the hill to rest where the giant trees spread their grateful shade, and the fitful lake breeze cooled the fervid air. They were at the extremity of "the Point;" beyond the narrow arm of the lake rose Mission Ridge, a bold promontory thickly covered with forest trees and defended from the attacks of assaulting picnic parties by the tangled growth of underbrush along its borders. To the left, beyond the blue-green waters of the lake, rose the hills, swell upon swell, breaking at last in a purple wave against the clear blue sky.

Stretched upon the green sward, lulled by the monotonous hum of insects and the musical ripple of the waves upon the beach, they were sinking off into sleep when St. George's quick ear caught the furtive dip of an oar. He rose quickly; the spot was lonely and unfrequented, and from his lookout, himself unobserved, he could see distinctly whatever passed on the lake below. As he watched, a tiny skiff came into view, creeping stealthily along in the corner of the fringing bushes till reaching the extremity of the point; after a moment's pause, in which the voyager cast a keen glance around as if fearful of discovery, it struck boldly across the channel toward Mission Ridge. St. George had no difficulty in recognizing the straight, slender figure and skilful stroke of Mrs. Ramone. A touch of his hand upon Gault's shoulder brought his friend to his feet.

"Your inamorata chooses a strange time for her excursion," he said, sarcastically. "I do not believe there is another lady at the hotel awake, and one would think from her movements she feared observation." He stopped abruptly; the boat was close to the shore, and peering through the tangled thicket above he caught sight of a wild, haggard face set in a framework of vines. A moment more and the slouching, shabby figure of a man sprang from the underbrush and stood waiting for the lady to effect a landing.

The sharp click of a pistol struck upon his ear. He turned quickly. "Put that up," he said, sternly; "are you blind, Gault? Do you not see that she is expected?" Even as he spoke the sound of her voice came to theirs, calm and even as ever, but the words were indistinct. Obedient to a wave of her hand the uncouth apparition slunk back into the thicket, while the lady drew her boat further in where the bushes screened it from the observation of any chance passer-by, fastened it deliberately and climbed the bank. A hand was extended from the thicket above. She placed her own

within its grasp, and disappeared in the recesses of the jungle.

That evening, in the great parlor, an appreciative audience listened to the duet performed by Mrs. Ramone and the incipient Rubenstein of the company, a slender, young man with a profusion of blonde hair, and gold-rimmed eyeglasses. St. George, at a little distance, where no shade of expression upon the players' faces could escape him, stood moodily, with folded arms, leaning against the wall. He was a successful criminal lawyer. Among his young associates he had few rivals, no superiors. He had claimed that he could not be deceived in the language of the human face; but now he was forced to acknowledge himself baffled. The incident of the day had only intensified his prejudice against the fair musician, yet he found himself forced to confess that, if innocence and purity were not impressed on the countenance before him, his skill in psychology was at fault. Doubt, resentment and pity were blended in the glance he fixed upon her. Yielding at last to its spell, compelled, fascinated by the magnetism of a powerful will, Mrs. Ramone raised her eyes and met his gaze. There was a sudden discordant crash of the white keys, the music ceased abruptly. Mrs. Ramone, the faultless musician, had struck a false chord.

The next morning St. George came upon his friend in his own room gathering together his valuables. There were signs in the air that betokened migration. A package of books lay on a chair; a half-packed valise occupied the sofa. He threw himself into the only available seat, and asked coolly: "What are you doing?"

Gault lifted his flushed face from the trunk in whose depths he was immersed. "I'm running away, old fellow. Rather shabby of me after urging you to come, I own; but discretion is the better part of valor in any case. I'm a poor stick, I know; but I'm man enough to know that when a thing is not for me, the greater the distance I put between it and myself the better. Miss Lindsey is bound for the seaside. Mother has taken a fancy to accompany her and she wishes me to go with her."

St. George put his hands on his shoulders and looked into his face. "Have you spoken to Mrs. Ramone?" he asked, quietly.

"It wasn't necessary; I'm not a fool; and even if I had been ever so hopeful, do you think I would, after what we saw yesterday?"

St. George released him from his grasp. "You're not half the man I thought you, Gault," he said, and rose abruptly and left the room.

III.

It was high noon of the summer's night. The last wailing echo of the violins had died in the distance. The dancers were wrapped in slumber. Wakeful, restless, weary of the warm, close rooms, St. George came out into the moonlight and wandered aimlessly on. Through woods steeped in fragrance, by brooks where the speckled trout leaped in the vivid moonlight, over meadows white with odorous bloom and crimson-tufted with regal Turk's-cap lilies, he roamed he knew not whither. Reaching at last a stretch of woodland free from underbrush and arched and covered like some ancient Gothic cathedral, he threw himself upon the ground to rest and study the witching play of light and shade along the leafy avenue; and so, charmed by the prismatic splendor of the moonlight, soothed by the chant of the lonely whip-poor-will above him, he fell asleep.

A hasty step brushed the dew from the grass. His quick senses, alert even in slumber, caught the rustle of silken folds, the fragrance of heliotrope. He started up—vigilant, expectant. Before him, a short way down the columned aisle, a figure seemed to float in the tinted light—a lithe, slender figure, robed in black and crowned with a tiara of some soft, fleecy substance whose folds fell like sprays of frostwork over the sombre drapery.

She swerved aside, as a man, stepping forth from the shadow of a tree confronted her. "You are late, Lizzie," he heard a harsh voice exclaim. "I have waited for you an hour or more. Have you brought the money?"

She placed a purse in his greedily outstretched hands. "That is like you; you were always so kind," said the man, in manlier tones. "Wouldn't you kiss me, Lizzie, just once, for the old days when we were so happy together?"

Mrs. Ramone drew back in sudden wrath. In a moment the stranger was crouching at her feet, begging her to forgive—implored her, by all her hopes of heaven, not to forsake him. St. George turned away, with a dull pain at his heart. The splendor had faded from the moonlight—the glory from the earth. He took the cluster of regal lilies he had gathered for her adorning and flung them into the brook as he passed along. "She will not miss them," he said, resentfully, and watched them idly as the eddying stream bore them rapidly onward and out of sight.

An hour later, from the shadow of the arbor, he saw her coming wearily up the walk. She stood for a moment listening in the vivid moonlight, her white, despairing face turned upward, her hands clasped as if in prayer. A faint whistle sounded across the lake, and with a sigh of relief she entered the house.

IV.

A FIERCE storm was rising in the west; great masses of inky clouds edged with foam hurled themselves furiously across the recoiling lake. The first fiery breath of the tornado struck the hotel, slamming blinds and doors furiously and filling the air with dust and leaves. The frightened guests had gathered in the great parlor, striving, in the sense of companionship, to dispel their fears.

St. George threw down his book and joined them. As he passed through the hall the door of Mrs. Ramone's room stood open, and he saw that it was empty. A rapid glance over the assembled company showed him that she was not among the number. He turned white and sick at the possibility that forced itself upon his mind. In a moment he was out of the house and fighting his way in the face of the wind to the shore; it was as he feared—Mrs. Ramone's boat was gone.

The storm was breaking in its fury; sheets of blinding lightning swept across the sky; before the pitiless gale great branches riven from the living oak dashed through the air; huge trees uprooted lay prostrate upon the lawn, and the firm white building beyond seemed to waver upon its foundations.

"And she is somewhere, alone upon this waste of waters," he whispered hoarsely. "God help me to save her!"

Clinging to fences and shrubs to protect himself from the fury of the blast, he made his way back till he reached the edge of the forest which stretched in unbroken expanse from the lawn to the Point. Here the force of the tempest was broken, though the danger was hardly lessened; the air was filled with leaves and

broken limbs, while now and then a dead tree tottering upon its foundation fell with a crash audible above the roar of the tornado. He was drenched with the rain, blinded by the vivid lightning, bruised and benumbed. Still he struggled on, before his eyes the picture of a pale, beautiful face, rising and falling with the pitiless surge.

At last he reached the Point, but so filled was the air with spray that it was long before he discerned the little brown skiff moored among the bushes on the opposite side of the water and swaying like a thing of life on the rising waves. He knew it could not live a moment if launched upon that raging swell; he waited, anxious, weary. The moments dragged like hours; the sun went down, daylight faded, and at last, chilled to the heart, he turned reluctantly away.

"She will not come to-night," he said, "and to-morrow I shall see her. There must be no more of this."

V.

HE was at his post in the early dawn. He saw her come down the hillside alone, unfasten the skiff, and sink into it like one utterly exhausted. She took up the oars in a feeble, languid way, so utterly different from her usual free, bold stroke, and was on the point of pushing off. St. George's voice came to her before she saw him standing there, firm and resolute.

"Mrs. Ramone, will you not take a passenger?" he called; and before she could reply he swung himself into the boat and had taken the oars from her unresisting hands.

She lifted a flushed, startled face in which were blended alarm and appeal. His glance was fixed upon her compellingly. "Promise me that there shall be no more of this," he entreated. "I cannot endure again the agony I experienced yesterday when I thought of you alone and helpless in that terrible tempest. I believe in you to the uttermost, but whatever the hold that man has upon your life it must be broken. I will help you, I will serve you unflinchingly, but you must not endanger your life, your health, your reputation by these meetings. I cannot endure it, for I love you."

She raised her hand with a commanding gesture that stopped the words upon his lips. "Mr. St. George," she said, with quiet dignity, "he is my husband. You have been deceived by that pretty fiction set afloat by your friend, Miss Lindsay. Once, in her bantering, inquisitive way, she asked me of my husband. I told her in reply that it was several years since I lost him. God knows I spoke the truth. Was I to publish the story of my sorrows?—to make myself an object of suspicion and contempt to the curious and unfeeling? And there was another's fate involved. What time had I to think of self? I was battling for a human life, a deathless soul. Oh, God!" she cried, clasping her hands with agony of passion, "must it be all in vain?"

He drew the boat close in shore and waited. Whatever his own grief and disappointment, they were forgotten in her despair. He noticed now for the first time that her cheek was bruised and her wrist blue and discolored. She felt rather than saw his gaze, and drew the lace hastily around it. "He would never have done it had he known," she said, with a half sob. "It was the frenzy of the mania. He has been writhing all night in the agonies of delirium tremens. 'It was kind of you to believe in me when appearances were so much against me. I suspected long ago that you had discovered my secret, but I believed that you would not expose me. Let me tell you my story. It is not an

unusual one, but I should like you to hear the worst before I accept your proffered aid."

She paused for an instant, looking off across the misty waters, pink and amber tinted by the rising sun.

"I was married when I was sixteen," she resumed, with an effort. "It was a foolish act, but my mother was urgent, my lover rash and impetuous. We were poor; my mother was proud, and Max was the heir to a large property, the adopted son of a wealthy uncle. For a time all went well. Mr. Lester, although displeased at the precipitancy of our marriage, grew fond of me, and was kind to us. We lived in a little cottage in the city, and lived humbly, for Mr. Lester insisted that as Max had married without his consent or advice, he must for the present care for his own family. And he tried—oh, how he tried! But he had only a clerkship, and my mother's tastes were expensive.

"At last he took to drink and evil companions, but I knew that it was discouragement that drove him to it. That was where I blamed myself. If he had not had such a burden to carry! I was so helpless and my mother so exacting. Some people have no sense of responsibility. I think they are greatly to be envied. I can see so plainly that if it had not been for the shadow we cast upon my husband's life, what came to pass would never have been.

"One stormy night Mr. Lester was murdered in his room, his pockets rifled and a large sum of money and other valuables taken. Max was immediately arrested on suspicion. He could give but a confused account of himself, as he had been out on a drunken frolic the whole of the preceding night. Investigation revealed the fact that my husband had forged my uncle's signature to several notes which had come into the latter's possession. The housekeeper reported a stormy interview between the uncle and nephew the evening preceding the murder, to which she had been an unwilling listener; finally a pair of bracelets and a ring, which had been the property of the late Mrs. Lester, were found upon my husband's person. He stated that the trinkets had been given him by his uncle as a birth-day present for myself, a plea so weak as to be received only with a contemptuous smile by the most lenient. So strong was the public sentiment against him, that only the determined front of the officers preserved him from lynching; no one stood by him, no one but I believed in him. I knew that whatever his other offences might be, murder was not among them; he was too gentle, too timid, too sensitive—it was not to be thought of.

"The case never came to trial; before court sat the prisoner had escaped. For seven years he was a wanderer in foreign lands. As if to mock me, fate made me the heir to a large property soon after his disappearance. From time to time I forwarded large remittances to my husband, keeping always informed of his whereabouts. I knew he was leading a wild, dissolute life, but I could not refuse him the means he spent riotously. I would have gone to him but he would not listen to that. His affection for me seemed a thing of the past, and he said I would only increase the chances of discovery.

"Three years since my mother died; then I came here. The property was part of my inheritance; the hotel a business venture of my lawyer's. I took my husband's middle name to avoid publicity. So many years had elapsed that I felt assured of Max's safety from discovery, when I received a note from him requesting me to meet him at Mission Ridge. Broken down with years of dissipation, homesick and friendless, he came back to me for help, and I could not cast him off. He

is in hiding in a deserted hunter's hut, which stands in the woods beyond the Ridge, attended only by a stupid servant he has picked up in his wanderings. I have tried to keep liquor from him, but a few days since he escaped from his servant's surveillance, and procured from the village the means for the debauch from which he is suffering.

"What I am to do with him I cannot tell. He will not go away, and to remain where he is, is to dare certain discovery. Once a prisoner, there is no hope for him; the evidence is too strong, he must loose his life. And, sir," she said, with passionate energy, "you do not know what that means to him. You are a brave man; such can face death without a tremor. My husband has died a thousand horrible deaths already in imagination. Last night, in his ravings, he would shriek out that he was in the hands of the mob; that the rope was tightening around his throat, and, clutching my hands, would beg me frantically to save him. I have lived it all over for him till it would be a relief to die in his stead. I forget his follies, his weakness, and only think of him as a mother might of an erring child. My poor, wayward boy! If they would only leave him to die in peace."

The tears were falling thickly upon her clasped hands. St. George rowed the boat close to the landing, and as he assisted her to rise said earnestly:

"Mrs. Ramone, believe me, whatever lies in my power shall be done to save him."

Two hours later, as he walked impatiently up and down the veranda, an exclamation from a bystander arrested his attention. A boat was passing by, and seated in the midst of stern, resolute men, laden with irons and closely watched, was a crouching, helpless figure. St. George recognized the prisoner as the man whom he had now seen twice in the company of Mrs. Ramone, and he knew that the crisis had come.

VI.

It was the evening before the trial. St. George sat in his office, weary but triumphant, for link by link the evidence for the prisoner had accumulated, and he knew his case was gained.

From the first there had been a strong suspicion in his mind that the housekeeper, whose evidence had convicted Max Lester, was the real culprit. Following a clue which Mrs. Ramone had unconsciously given him, he had discovered that a strong intimacy had existed between the housekeeper's daughter and young Lester previous to the latter's marriage, which defeated the ambitious plans of the disappointed mother. From that moment her hatred pursued the offender remorselessly. She had worked untiringly to widen the breach between uncle and nephew, and at last, finding that she could not prevail upon the old man to cast Max off utterly, had perpetrated the deed in a passion of insane rage, trusting that Max would suffer for the crime while she enjoyed the benefits of the annuity her employer had promised her at his death.

All this and more he had accomplished. Before him lay the proofs he had secured from the murderer's hands—her written confession extracted when she perceived that further defense was useless. He had but to go into court and present his papers, and on the morrow Max Lester would be a free man. This was what he had accomplished. As he sank wearily back in his easy-chair, for the first time he asked himself, "To what end?"

He had procured the right for a drunkard, a spendthrift, a libertine, again to prey in security upon an

unhappy world. He had gained for the man he loathed and despised the privilege of adding new tortures to those he had already inflicted on his long-suffering wife—of crushing every hope of peace in her heart. Liberty—safety for the one meant anguish and slavery for the other; that he knew.

And what of himself, of the hope and love that had become a part of his very existence before he knew of the barrier between them? What was it that kept from his heart the woman of his choice? Only a paltry life of which the world were well rid. He had never doubted his ability to win her love. All his life he had commanded the admiration and respect of women, and he knew that Mrs. Ramone had not been insensible to his influence. She had trusted him when she believed him possessed of her secret; had come to him for help for the reckless fugitive husband.

"I would teach her to love me," he whispered, a mist crossing his dark eyes. "She has suffered enough. I have it in my power to free her from her chains, and should be the veriest coward not to make use of my opportunity. What is his miserable life in comparison with her happiness?"

He took up a folded paper from the desk and held it to the blaze of the lamp. Before the flame had touched the paper he dropped it, shuddering, recoiling. "God forgive me!" he said brokenly. "I could never look her in the face again. She would hate me even in eternity if she knew."

VII.

THE court-room was crowded to the uttermost. The old interest in the case had been revived and intensified by the peculiar circumstances of the prisoner's discovery. They denounced him with wolfish eyes as he came through their midst, his timorous nature upheld and quieted by the dauntless strength of his faithful wife. "You are too good to me, Lizzie," he said weakly. "I was never worthy of you."

The stillness of death crept over the room as St. George began his story. Let us not be too severe upon poor human nature if a feeling of disappointment was in the hearts of the audience when the testimony so completely exculpated him from the charge. They had come in search of a sensation, and were to be balked in their endeavors.

If, however, such a feeling existed, it was only momentary. Hardly had the momentous "Not guilty" fallen from the lips of the foreman when a lusty cheer rang through the building. It was caught up and carried from mouth to mouth, echoed and increased by the waiting crowds outside. Max Lester had been prepared for anything but this. He was nerved for the worst, and in the sudden reaction a strange sickness stole over him. He sprang to his feet, turned sharply around, flung his arms in the air with one convulsive movement and fell to the floor—dead.

It is autumn time at Ellsworth's. Twice have the Turk's-head lilies bloomed and faded since St. George first climbed the hill where his destiny awaited him. He is coming up the path now, his hands filled with the blue cups of the fringed gentian and crimson masses of cardinal flowers. Some one comes forward to meet him—a tall, slender, graceful lady, dressed in creamy white, with flame-colored flowers lighting the lace at her throat; and as he transfers his lovely burden to the hands extended to receive them, we read in the happy light of her gentle eyes that the true heart is at last requited, and St. George has won his queen.

A NEW STATE.

NOTHING can be more appropriate than for THE CONTINENT to note the rise of a new state. It is no phenomenon for such a thing to occur where, a few years ago, was the wild West; but I fear that some readers will be skeptical when I announce the fact that one of the former states of the American Union is dead and buried, and a new state has risen in its place. Yet it is true, and it is the work of no magician—it has been accomplished by that giant of all civilizers, the railroad, aided by the infusion of a modicum of so-called Yankee blood.

The Arkansas of days ante-bellum has a world-wide renown. The "Arkansaw Traveler" sounds forth wherever the winds blow; and the rude cabin with its half-roofed poles, the ragged lout seated on his barrel, and the gang of half-naked children and shaggy dogs, are recognized at a glance as *Arkansaw* at any picture-gallery or cheap picture-store in the country. A few cotton plantations in the river-bottoms, with gangs of negroes, the fierce-looking and heavily-armed overseer, and a few miserable huts, and here and there a wretched shanty among the hills, are supposed to be the only witnesses that the country is inhabited. Any schoolboy in Christendom can tell you how an Arkansas man looks—dark-visaged, long-haired, tall, bony, ragged and uncouth, with gun in hand and sundry murderous weapons in his body belt; or the Arkansas woman—lean and swarthy, ragged and barefoot; all ages and sexes drinking, smoking, chewing, cursing, carousing and murdering alike. If popular idea of the state was not quite so bad as that, the best possible assumption was that it was a land of swamps and malaria, of wild beasts and venomous reptiles, of gloomy woods and silent rivers, and with a phenomenal share of poverty and crime and indolence and drunkenness.

Now, it must be admitted that these pictures of Arkansas as it was before the war are not greatly overdrawn. But omitting some half a dozen limited and secluded localities, the whole scene is changed. *That* Arkansas is gone. It is dead and buried. The war, and subsequent political breezes and the railroad, have utterly swept it out of existence. Not more than fifteen years ago its successor began to develop, and already the *new state* of Arkansas stands ready and worthy—but against the protest of an incredulous world—to take rank among the other great new states of the West. But a "decent respect for the opinions of mankind" suggests that not glittering generalities but naked facts should be presented before any skeptic is expected to be convinced.

Go with me to Little Rock, the capital. It has a population of 30,000; and large business houses and elegant private residences, chiefly of brick or stone, are going up at the rate of over 500 per annum. Drop into the places of business, and you find three out of every four of the business men are young men from the North and East. Of course, they have the modern improvements. They have water-works, and nearly ten miles of water mains laid down. They have a complete system of sewerage. There are street-railway lines, a gas company, and an electric light company with seventy-five electric lights. There is a well-paid fire department, a telephone exchange, and free post-office delivery. Here are the State Capitol, Government Building, Insane Asylum, School for the Blind, Deaf Mute Institute, Old Soldiers' Home, Little Rock University,

State Medical College, Female Seminary, Commercial College, the penitentiary, and as many churches and grade schools as any other town of its size in the West. The new business blocks are mostly three or four stories high, and the store-rooms in use exhibit a varied and rich display of miscellaneous goods and staple products. There are three banks with nearly \$1,000,000 capital. In five years the amount invested in manufactures increased from \$75,000 to over \$1,000,000. In 1881 there was but one cotton warehouse, now there are five, receiving of the last crop 75,000 bales. In 1880 the amount invested in business here was \$3,337,000; now it is \$8,000,000. Here is a flouring mill of the capacity of 75,000 barrels; three foundry and machine-shops; the largest cotton and oil mill in the world; a large furniture factory, and three or four wagon and carriage factories, three planing mills—more than forty factories of different kinds. All these people are wide awake. They read: I saw in the leading bookstore, in Little Rock, all the English classics, books in Greek, Latin, French and German, all the leading periodicals of the world—THE CONTINENT among the rest; the clerks and salesmen were as busy as bees; and the 140 feet of wall on either side the room was laden with every variety of books and bookseller's goods, the shelving being surrounded by as handsomely and expensively mounted engravings as I ever saw in St. Louis. The steamboats are always puffing along the river, and from St. Louis or Texas, from Fort Smith or Memphis, trains of cars come thundering in almost every hour.

"And Little Rock is not alone as an exponent of the new life of the new state of Arkansas; but we will only take time and space to give a few detached facts as to the state at large, or other points in it. In three years the number of saw-mills in the state has increased from 319 to over 1200. A florist last year shipped to the North and East nearly one thousand bushels of tuberoses. Seven years ago the sound of a steam-whistle had never been heard in Saline county; now the whistles of scores of mills can be heard at one place. Arkansas is shipping lumber to the North and to Europe, olive oil made from cotton-seed to Europe, cotton to Clark for his best O. N. T. thread, fruits and vegetables to Chicago, and thousands of cattle to Texas. The Fetter iron mine has, by careful measurement, enough ore in sight to run a stamping mill of 150 tons daily capacity one hundred years, and scores of other mines, of all kinds of metal, are being successfully worked in different parts of the state. The granite works of Saline county are turning out tons of granite equal to Quincy or the celebrated Scotch granite. Parties from Pennsylvania are putting up machinery in Pike county to work up the gypsum there for agricultural and mechanical purposes. At Hope there is a lumber company, running planing machines and wood-working machinery of all makes and descriptions, a siding saw, two edgers, one cut-off and one surfacer—all run by a 100-horse-power engine, receiving lumber from thirteen saw-mills, all within forty miles, and having 10,000,000 feet of lumber now in the yard seasoning, and 2600 feet of railroad track to facilitate its shipping of its products. Several furniture factories in Paris, France, buy all their lumber in Arkansas. The land sales at the Little Rock office, by Thomas Essex, Commissioner for the Iron Mountain Railroad, during October, 1882, were 1916 acres. During the same month

in 1883, 3120 acres. Men have recently gone in from Michigan and formed a lumber company at Judsonia, bought 4680 acres, and fitted up a mill of the daily capacity of 20,000 feet. Another company at Newport is turning out 25,000 feet per day. Another, from Kansas, at Walnut Ridge, is turning out 50,000 feet daily. Mr. Phelan, of Malone, shipped and sold in St. Louis and Chicago, last year, peaches and strawberries to the amount of \$7200. Messrs. Bate & Crow, of Arkadelphia, for their last spring planting, set out 1150 peach and plum trees, 1000 grape cuttings and 1200 strawberry plants, and will go on till they have 2000 acres in orchard.

These are but a few samples of a thousand facts that might be adduced of like character. The change is partly explained by the fact that there are now built, or in process of construction within this state, nearly 2000 miles of railroad; that these are owned by Northern men; that they have built up near by four hundred towns and villages; and that into every one of these Northern men have come, and, by dint of money and energy together, taken possession of the business of the country. It is further explained by the fact that, before the war, nine-tenths of the state was a howling wilderness; that the bad element has been thinned out by deaths and removals, and that the younger have yielded, and are being assimilated to the stronger element that has come from abroad.

That the Arkansas of to-day is not even akin to the Arkansas of other days is further corroborated by the fact that only one-tenth of the land is now under cultivation, and yet it produces yearly 30,000,000 bushels of corn, 3,000,000 bushels of oats, 25,000 bushels of rye, 2,000,000 bushels of wheat, 800,000 bales of cotton, 750,000 pounds of wool, 30,000 tons of hay, 1,000,000 pounds of tobacco, 600,000 bushels of Irish potatoes, 1,000,000 bushels of sweet potatoes, 2,000 bushels of barley, 10,000,000 pounds of butter, 30,000 pounds of cheese; manufactures products to the amount of nearly \$10,000,000, and keeps 300,000 horses and mules, 30,000 work oxen, 300,000 cows, 600,000 other cattle, 350,000 sheep, 2,500,000 hogs; the orchard products aggregate nearly a million and a half, and manufactures of all kinds over twelve million of dollars.

If further evidence that Arkansas is a brand-new state is required, we have it in two other facts—no saloon can be licensed within three miles of any church or school if a majority of the citizens within the bounds object, and a board of school officers, discriminating against colored pupils in the public school, are personally liable to be fined \$500 each for each offense. Some people object to these two laws, but the objectors have never been strong enough to secure their repeal.

All hail to the new state!

ADAM C. JOHNSON.

HILLERTON OF HILLERTON.

BY HORACE GATES.

THERE is, perhaps, no more picturesque spot in all Virginia than the old Hillerton estate. For nearly two hundred years it has been known as one of the most hospitable homes in the South. It has passed, for generations, from father to son, and has experienced many of the chances and changes naturally visiting so venerable a landmark.

Indeed, it was only preserved to the family, at the close of the rebellion, by an occurrence so singular—by many considered supernatural—that it should be deemed worthy of record.

I am by no means—I beg pardon, I should say I was by no means—a believer in the supernatural to that extent which permitted of individuals, who had bidden this world farewell, walking abroad in all the peaked and ruffled dignity of “ye olden time,” or any other time, and disturbing honest men’s repose. I had never fancied that a lady or gentleman, arrayed as they were in the old Colonial times, would appear to advantage in our modern drawing rooms; or roaming aimlessly through modern hallways; or infesting, at unseemly hours, those roosting places of the nineteenth-century dwelling-house—misnamed bedchambers. There had always been a want of harmony between the thought of such visitants and my daily surroundings; so this phase of the supernatural had never received much encouragement from me.

In the year A. D. 1865, toward the close of a bright autumn day, I found myself slowly approaching the ancient home of the Hillertons. When the massive and irregular, though picturesque architecture of the

mansion burst upon me, as I turned a sharp curve in the road, the thought came with it, like a flash, “Here, at least, the spirits of the past can disport themselves in their shadowy finery with perfect propriety and in keeping.”

This started me upon a train of idle thinking—raking up whatever I had heard of the Hillertons, and putting this and that together, I discovered I was able to recall several odd stories about an ancestor or two, especially concerning old Sir Guy Hillerton, the founder of the family in Virginia.

It was reported he brought great treasure with him from England when he made his last voyage thence, albeit his descendants had enjoyed little of that particular treasure, as it was never known to have been seen by any one, much less found. Its reputation was handed down, however, in the form of an oath, used by the descendants of the doughty old knight in lieu of many a worse expression: “*By Sir Guy’s Treasure*,” standing sponsor for numerous expletives more forcible than elegant.

There also was a singular doggerel carved somewhere in the house, relating to this mysterious treasure, which left the reader as much in the dark as ever, if not a little more so.

It was, I remembered, rendered into plain English, as follows:

*“He who grips my hand in love,
And with fraternal pressure;
He who clasps with clasp of three,
To him will go my treasure.”*

This was an extremely liberal offer from Sir Guy, a mere handshake and his wealth is yours; but his stout, right hand was probably as inaccessible as his gold.

At this stage of my ponderings came a dim tradition that one of the family, during the Revolution, being hard pressed for cash, and thinking a great deal too much about this provoking stanza, actually made an inroad upon the family vault in the hope of having a loving handshake with Sir Guy. The only reward for his trouble was a bad case of blood-poisoning, whereby he obtained the privilege of claspings the hand of his worthy ancestor some score of years before he otherwise would have done. As this fatality had been the only known result of attempting to carry out the spirit of Sir Guy's poetry, the old gentleman, for the future, was allowed to rest in peace, secure from any essays of familiarity on the part of his posterity.

I was now within a few moments of my journey's end, and my heart was oppressed by the sad errand which brought me as a guest to Hillerton. I came as the attorney for parties who were not at all friendly to the Hillertons, but who held mortgage-bonds against the estate for a large amount. Some of this mortgage money was now due, and my instructions were to demand payment as well as to adjust several legal matters of importance.

These duties would have been unpleasant ones under any circumstances. They were doubly so in this case. Colonel Charles Hillerton and I had been classmates at the University of Virginia, and I well knew his love and devotion to the home of his fathers. I was aware what the answer to my demand would be. The war, just closed, had left the influential family of Hillerton, as it had left many others, penniless.

The welcome I met with was touching and cordial; for an advance post had brought a note from me explaining the disagreeable nature of my visit, and expressing the hope that, whatever its outcome, the friendship so long existing between us might remain unchanged.

I found Colonel Hillerton, the head of an interesting little family, a devoted father and husband. United in him were those sterling qualities of head and heart which had made him beloved of his classmates and college associates; had made him foremost in the field of battle and prominent in the councils of his state. He was a singularly handsome man, of commanding mien, and wonderfully magnetic. One of that rare type we meet once or twice in a life time to remind us that God made man as the crown and glory of His creative work—not as an after thought; a man from whose presence one went forth refreshed and made stronger; a man with a warmth of affection for men in general to which before he might have been a stranger.

The first evening spent at Hillerton I count among the few happy ones of my life. It was tacitly agreed that nothing in the way of business should mar the first hours of our reunion; indeed they passed so swiftly while we sat before the great fire-place talking of early days that we were startled by a venerable clock in a distant alcove announcing midnight with due deliberation and solemnity.

The colonel and I were alone before the blazing fire—in fact, we had been for some time—and this emphatic declaration of the old timepiece that the last hour of the twenty-four had passed brought us back with something of a jerk to our present whereabouts.

"Well," laughed Hillerton, as he sprang up, poker in hand, and assailed the drowsy fire, "here we've been sitting like two boys just beginning the holidays and

enjoying the usual privilege of keeping late hours. But your coming, Ned, has been like a shaft of sunlight, though a dark cloud is following close upon it. However, after your long ride over the mountain roads you will not quarrel with your bed, I reckon. Before we retire let me give you a glimpse of the picture-gallery—it's on our way up-stairs—as I want you to see the picture of Sir Guy I used to tell you of at college. Don't mind the hour. Some of the portraits will appear all the better by candle-light, especially Sir Guy's."

Lighting a couple of large wax candles and placing one in my hand, Hillerton led the way through several apartments to the one designated.

"There!" exclaimed he, pausing before a full length portrait, "is the picture of Sir Guy, and, tradition says, a very faithful one. Below, carved into the panel, is the famous verse I once told you of."

I confess that I was startled, as, in the wavering light of the tapers, I gazed upon the portrait about which so recently I had been thinking and had heard so much in my college days. At the first glance it seemed as if the figure was in the very act of stepping toward me, though in a second more the illusion, if it were one, had vanished. I saw before me, painted upon a broad panel of highly polished oak the picture of a strong, determined-looking man, dressed in the picturesque garb of the old cavaliers. His head was bared, the flowing locks were slightly flecked with gray, the neatly trimmed beard was snowy white, and the eyes large, keen and stern in their expression. His left hand rested upon the richly carved hilt of a sword, while with the other extended, as if in the act of command, he held the baton of a field-marshal. The right foot was advanced a trifle beyond the line of the body, and this slight distinction, together with the brightly polished background of the picture, caused, I think, the fleeting impression made upon me when I first beheld it.

"Come, you must not linger all night, Ned, over that freak of my worthy ancestor," and Hillerton's cheery voice recalled me from my reverie. "There was a touch of martinet in the old gentleman," he continued, as he slowly conducted me to the guest's chamber.

"The picture was painted upon that panel by his express directions some three years before he died, and the verse carved after that event by special directions in his will."

"The artist, poor fellow, was one whom he picked up in Basle, and brought him across the seas especially to paint this picture. He almost starved the man while he was sitting to him, I have been told, because he held that a man did better work on an empty stomach and a meal in prospect than he could after disposing of the meal. He pinned the limner down to the minutest details of his person and costume, and required that the portrait be rigidly correct. It has come down to us that the poor artist, anxious to please, attempted to improve a little upon the original by introducing a benevolent smile into the severe features of Sir Guy, and was obliged to paint the whole head over again to appease his benefactor. It is from these facts we trust the picture as being one of extreme fidelity."

"But here we are," and my host ushered me into a spacious apartment, "and I trust you may forget your rough journey and all the troubles of this sad life in the refuge provided for the poorest of us—sound sleep!" and with an ill-disguised sigh he bade me good-night. I was not long in seeking repose, but did not find it. Sir Guy's picture—its strange history—the poor, half-starved artist—the quaint verse about "*me hond grip-*"

pet"—any amount of vain conjecture about the treasure—these and many other members of a motley throng of thoughts took possession of me and drove out sleep.

I had lain thus, I supposed, a very long time, when I heard slow and stately footsteps approaching the door. They came on, measured and regular, passed by and died away along a distant corridor.

A strange presentiment seized me. I listened intently. Soon I heard faint echoes of far-off footfalls. Then the slow, regular tramp, tramp of steps themselves followed upon their echoes. They drew nearer, grew louder, till at last the door was reached, the knob turned, creaking loudly as it did so, and in stalked no less a person than Sir Guy Hillerton—the exact counterpart of his portrait.

The flickering firelight played over his rich cavalier costume, toyed with his fine features, and cast, with wild antics, his shadow along the glossy floor. As he stood facing me, and fully revealed by the fire opposite, I was enabled to take more accurate note of his person than I had while looking at his picture.

I noticed for the first time, as he came close to my bedside and partly extended his right hand, that one of the fingers was encircled by a plain gold band, bearing an emblem slightly raised upon it, whose import I very well understood. It was an ancient Masonic sign, well known to the craft in all ages, but entirely unintelligible to an outsider. The old knight seemed to emphasize this ring and its emblem; for three times he extended it toward me, pointing to it with his left forefinger. Then making a sign, which as a Mason I thoroughly understood, he turned abruptly and stalked out of the apartment. Thus far I was as one witnessing a play, who finds himself interested in the leading actor, and is content to sit quietly until called upon to applaud. Even the clanking of Sir Guy's boots and the jingling of his spurs, as he strode down the hall, did not arouse me to an assertion of my will, for an irresistible drowsiness fell upon me and I slept.

I awoke at sunrise, feeling very much depressed, and, making a hasty toilet, joined the family at breakfast. A settled melancholy rested upon all present; Hillerton, in particular, looking abstracted, pale and careworn. The meal over, we retired to the library, there to confer upon matters of business. I found upon thorough investigation that nothing would be left for the Hillertons should certain foreclosures be made, and I shared keenly in my friend's distress.

"O, Ned!" exclaimed Hillerton, rising and pacing restlessly up and down the room. "Would that I might find Sir Guy's treasure. You may well look surprised to hear me talking in earnest this way. Don't think, however, my troubles have turned my head, when I tell you that I am firmly convinced there is wealth hidden somewhere on this estate. Financial trouble never yet threatened the family, but its shadow brought Sir Guy.

"Look at this," he said, turning suddenly to a secretary and producing a leather-bound book; "see here on these faded pages of Ralph Hillerton's journal—he was my great-grandfather—proof of what I say;" and Hillerton read excitedly:

"'On yestern nite, bein' in my private studie at late hour of ye clock, thare come rappin' ye dore, an' Sir Guye come in, holdin' out of's rite hond an' pointin' to same, an' makin' divers sondrie sines, most cureus, ye wereof I am not acquaint— I seemed in a drem at beginnin', an' goin' out of same.'

"There, that happened when my father's grandfather was in great financial distress. He was saved only

by selling off half the property, which his son, in old age, purchased back. Then, during my father's life, when he endorsed for the Midgeleys of Caroline, and they went under, Sir Guy appeared after the same manner.

"Here is the record," and Hillerton read from a well-worn diary:

"'Nov. 12, 1837. The failure of Midgeley of Caroline to meet his obligations, again entails loss upon us, and again brings Sir Guy from his grave. Last night, while sitting in this chair, being weary and weighed down with care, and gleaning no hope from the severe financial crisis the country is passing through, I was startled, when I chanced to look up, by seeing Sir Guy, exactly as he appears in the picture, standing near the door. Three times he extended toward me his right hand; three times he made some peculiar signs, not at all comprehended by me, and before I could fully realize all that had occurred, the phantom, or whatever it was, vanished. What, indeed, does all this mean? Is it the Treasure?'

"Here you observe," said Hillerton, carefully wrapping up the journals and locking them in their proper receptacle, "is proof of something strange, happening to two of our family, of which we have record. Now, I always thought it resulted from an overworked brain, borne down by great anxiety and trouble; from the seeds implanted by the tradition itself and the almost daily sight of the picture of Sir Guy as well as the senseless verse beneath it—or, that the whole thing was a mere dream. But, my dear friend, I was visited last night by Sir Guy, and I know it was neither an illusion nor a dream—no more than was Dr. Donne's experience, our common favorite, Izaak Walton, tells us of.

"After bidding you good night, I immediately retired and fell into a sound sleep. I do not know how long I slept, for I was suddenly awakened by something pressing heavily upon my breast—and I beheld Sir Guy with uplifted hand, standing erect and motionless by the bedside. His singularly stern eyes were riveted upon me—looking me through and through—while I was conscious that he made the very same signs indicated by my father. I saw him turn and pass from the room—the ring of his step is still in my ears. I lay for the rest of the night a restless victim of perplexing thoughts.

"Now, what do you say to this? It must mean something—it is worth looking into—it is worth following up and tracing out. My opinion is formed. I believe a treasure exists!"

I have mentioned that Hillerton was possessed of great personal magnetism. I now experienced its power. I felt that his position was tenable.

My adventure with Sir Guy—the glimpse given me of the family records—a clue or so I thought I held towards the solution of the problem before us—this, and more, bore down all opposing prejudices, and made me his convert. The hitherto dim outlines of a plan of action began to assume definite shape. I therefore refrained from mentioning my own experience, while I assured my friend that I would aid him diligently in his quest.

"Hillerton," I said, "I would like to examine Sir Guy's papers. You told me yesterday evening, since I was something of an antiquary, I might appreciate them. We may find a hint there as to where he hid his gold."

Stepping to a safe at one end of the room, Hillerton returned with a bundle of parchments and laid them on the table before us. I carefully undid the fastenings of faded tape, and carefully scanned the various papers. Finally I took up a duplicate of the last will and testament of the old knight.

This was what I wanted. I read it with the closest scrutiny, clause after clause. At last I reached the following:

"An' I do hereby design ye fayre-oken panyel 'pon ye which ye poytrate is limned an' verse cut yeneath, be always kep' brite an' smooth, polished an' cleer, with no harm donne to ye payntin' thereon.

"Ye picture, nor ye dress, nor ye adornments thereon much be tuched bye any one, simply ye oke round ye payntin' bein' required to keep cleen."

Then followed some special bequests; and, lastly, this:

"My fayre reeng of golde I giv' to my beloved son, Edwin, by him to go to his second son, if havin' one; if not, to be handed down by ye hands of ye oldest child, or to revert to his brother, Henry, to do with in accord with above."

Three questions presented themselves. 1. Why did Sir Guy lay such stress upon having the oaken panel always kept "brite an' smooth? 2. Why was the party, engaged in "brightening and smoothing" said panel, not permitted even to touch the painted hem of the old soldier's garment? 3. What had become of the "fayre reeng of gold?"

This last question only I now asked Hillerton.

"O, that ring! It is here in this cabinet among a lot of antiques, collected by my father. It is too clumsy for anybody to wear; and there are other reasons why none of us can wear it, so it has found its way into this collection of family relics. We hold it a valuable heirloom," so saying he handed me a gold ring—a plain heavy band—set with a large emerald, cut in the form of a key-stone, and bearing, engraved within a circle, the mystic letters: H T W S S T K S, while encircled by the letters themselves was carved the ancient crest of the Hillertons.

"You know that Sir Guy was a Freemason?" I asked, looking up from the ring and pointing to the emerald, "What we would now call a Royal Arch Mason. Here is his jewel and his mark."

"Certainly, I knew—we always have known it. But," he added with some little embarrassment, "Masonry has never been very popular in our family since his day. There is a good reason for it; we have been, for generations, members of the Roman Catholic faith."

"Will you let me compare this ring with the one on the finger of the portrait," I asked at a venture; for, though I had seen this very ring on the right hand of Sir Guy last night, yet I had forgotten how it appeared in the picture.

"Of course; you will see it plainly reproduced," Hillerton replied, as he led the way to the gallery.

It was a bright, sunny day. A flood of light poured in through the broad windows, and striking upon the highly waxed floor was reflected directly upon the painting. Very carefully I compared the ring I held with the one represented upon the third finger of Sir Guy's right hand. It was the same ring minutely repeated. Then I cast my eyes down and read the verse. I read it over critically three or four times, pondering every word. Suddenly a light dawned upon me. It seemed as if a brother Mason spoke to me from that dead panel. Three words made clear the meaning of the verse. They were, "GRIP—FRATERNAL—THREE."

So far the train of reasoning I had been pursuing bore me out in the dim suspicion haunting me since last night and now fast becoming a certainty. There remained, you will observe, two questions yet to answer: the careful instructions about caring for the

panel, and the injunction not to meddle with the painting—what did they mean? Their presence in the will was nothing strange, had I not felt they stood kindred to the carved verse, exceeding the mere letter.

Hillerton had only one answer when I asked him: "Why, to keep the portrait and panel in good preservation, of course"—the same answer I myself might have made had I not a clue to a deeper meaning."

I again inspected the picture closely, especially the hands. The right one soon engrossed my attention.

"Hillerton," I exclaimed abruptly, for I was laboring under ill-suppressed excitement, "will you leave me alone with this portrait for half an hour or so? The result may be much or nothing. After all, I have a mind to try an experiment; but I can't very well have a witness. I won't harm the picture. In fact, I may be enabled to do you much good."

The heavy door closed, and I was alone.

"It is very evident, Sir Guy," I said, half aloud, "you mean by this verse that I am to give you the grip of a Master Mason—you gave me a sign last night I cannot mistake. To take you by the hand is impossible, but to indicate thereon the precise spot where a certain part of that grip would fall is easy enough.

"I feel sure there is more about this panel than men have thought, and somewhere beyond it is your treasure." So speaking, and with a fast-beating heart, scarce daring to hope for any result, I pressed with all my might upon a certain part of the hand. The spot I exerted my strength upon was, seemingly, the most skilfully painted portion; yet I was sure I felt it yielding slowly, almost imperceptibly, under the pressure I brought to bear upon it. I now distinctly saw that a portion of the hand—about two inches by one inch—had receded, cracking and flecking off a little of the paint so deftly covering it, and that it returned slowly to its place on the removal of my touch. The panel itself had given no signs of yielding. It evidently was not a swinging one, but made to slide up, down, or sideways. Try as I might, I could not stir it. Flinging open the door and rushing into the hall, I called so loudly for Hillerton as to alarm the whole house.

"Hillerton! Hillerton!" I exclaimed, breathlessly, as he entered the room; "I have found the next thing to the treasure. I have found a secret spring in Sir Guy's picture, and I want you to help me slide the panel up or push it down, or to one side or the other, whichever way it goes. I am sure there is something behind it."

Both of us set to work with a will—both trying to keep very cool, and both failing miserably. Yet by dint of my holding in the spring, and through the grip thus afforded, we were able to move the panel up an inch or so—when, assisted by levers which we inserted underneath the edge, the old knight slowly made a triumphant ascent, disclosing, as he did so, a strongly bound chest, fitting tightly in the wall behind.

It was impossible to remove it; and when the cover was at last forced off, bringing away with it a fragment of the chest itself, a shower of gold pieces poured out and rolled along the floor. The box was brimful of gold and silver coin, valuable pieces of plate, and quantities of unset gems; a handful of the magnificent stones being, I calculated, sufficient to offset all obligations bearing the name of Hillerton.

My story is finished. There is far more truth than fiction in it. Hillerton of Hillerton, is still living; and what makes me happy is—HILLERTON is his.

THE WHAT-TO-DO CLUB.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LONGATE was stirred to its depths, and all the more because of the apparent impossibility of finding out just who was responsible for the mysterious proceedings. On Friday Harding could state with distinctness that the widow Mooney had come out in the morning from the north end of her house, with her shawl over her head, precisely as usual, and in the extended conversation, which took place over the selection of a Sunday "stewing-piece," and in which such family affairs as might still be called hers were gone into in detail, no whisper of present events had been breathed. It was known also that on Friday, between two and three in the afternoon, Mr. Pettis had been seen to go in at the side gate, to come out again in an hour and go on to Miss Dunbar's, from whence he presently emerged followed by that lady and Dorothy Waite; the three entering Mrs. Mooney's gate, and remaining in the house a good hour; all of which were witnessed by Mrs. Lovering and various other sisters in various congregations. This was sufficiently mysterious; and when it was also known that Miss Dunbar had spent Saturday in Burlington, Dorothy accompanying her, and yet walked into church on Sunday as calm as if she had done nothing unusual, words failed to express the sense of indignation shared by the circle about the old stove in Luther Tucker's store. By Wednesday night the excitement had reached fever heat; for that morning had seen Mrs. Mooney loaded with bags and bundles, and carefully overseeing the lifting of various chests and hair-cloth trunks into Hopkin's wagon, and her own departure in the noon train for the Falls without a word to the neighbors. Added to this outrage, followed the fact, that the up-train brought in a dozen strange men from nobody knew where, who were met by Mr. Pettis, given a dinner at Tad Freeman's, and then taken over to the Mooney house, where close investigation by small boys, sent out for the purpose, revealed the fact that everything that was down was being taken up, and everything that was up was being taken down. A furnace arrived from Burlington, and was set up in the course of the next week; three paperers and three painters went through the house from top to bottom, yet not a word could be extracted save that they were working under Mr. Pettis's orders, and were getting the house ready for some folks, who might be along anytime.

Smoke poured from every chimney. The silent house, closed save at one end for years, was suddenly more alive than since the busy days in which it first took form, and the village gave itself to guessing what such doings could mean.

Activity did not end with daylight. It was rumored that George and Linda came and went freely, and it was known that Mrs. Dunning and her sister were scrubbing wherever the workmen made way for them. Two heavy teams from St. Alban's came up when the second week of agitation had nearly ended, and were employed for a day in carrying loads of furniture from a freight-car on a siding to Miss Dunbar's house, and when the first one had been deposited in the great north parlor it became clear to every mind that Dorothy and John Raymond were to be married at once and set up house-keeping on the north side of the house. Dorothy, in

the meantime, had taken Molly Cushing into her confidence as well as Miss Tryphena, who set her lips more firmly than ever, only allowing the escape of an occasional grim chuckle as she remarked:

"I never calculated to live to see a thing kept the hull o' two weeks from any Lowgater that ever was born."

Before the fortnight had ended the Mooney house was transformed beyond recognition. Everything was in keeping. It was an old house still, into which comfortable old belongings might be set down with no sense of incongruity, but it was clean and warm and bright from garret to cellar. The time had come when Sybil must be told and final plans made. The village knew at last that Miss Dunbar herself was to move into the new-old house, but not till Sybil herself had gone through it after the story had been told, to convince herself that as much or even more comfort was in store for those who she felt were driven out from their own place. To tell her the whole had been Dorothy's part; but Dorothy alone found it impossible to convince Sybil, who regarded it all an ingenious device for defrauding both, and required perpetual assurance that this was not the case. Convinced at last, she, too, gave way to the delight that filled Dorothy, the two planning together the restoration of the old home to as near an approach to its former state as was possible; and at this point the co-operation of Sybil's mother became a necessity; and Dorothy, who had longed to make everything ready before the real owners should be put in possession, renounced her desire, and declared that it was sufficiently like a story-book already, and that Sybil must manage the rest of the plot.

And so it happened that only the three were together, when Sybil told her mother the change that was near for them all, watching her father's face at every word, half-fearing what the effect might be, and too absorbed in him to notice her mother, till as she ended, and turned toward her, she saw her face, deadly pale, and sprang up just in time to save her as she fell fainting from her chair. It was so utterly unlike the reserved and undemonstrative woman, who for years had sunk herself in the life of others, that it had never occurred to Sybil that she could be as deeply moved, and she reproached herself bitterly as she rubbed her hands and watched the blood coming back to the pale lips.

Prescott Waite had started up as he saw Sybil's movement, then sunk back, his eyes bright and eager, but a perplexed look on his face as he bent his head and seemed trying to understand.

"Tell me again," Mrs. Waite said, as she presently looked anxiously toward him. "Sybil, I don't know but that it would have been best to go on just in the old way. Your father won't know how to take the change."

"We are going on in the old way," Sybil said, holding her mother's hand against her cheek. "This is the new one, I think. When I saw the old furniture, mother, I remembered so much of it, but we can't get it into just the right places without you. Now, you are not fit to talk any more. You must go to bed, and I'll tell it all over again in the morning."

"No," Mrs. Waite said, "I cannot put it off. I don't know why I was so foolish as to faint. It was the suddenness of it all, but now I want to understand

every word. So far, it sounds like just giving us back the house, and we can't have that, you know."

"That's the way I felt, but it isn't so at all—not at all," Sybil answered, once more going over every detail. Her father kept his position, but, as she went on, lifted his head and watched her intently.

"We are going home, father," Sybil said at last. "We have just been staying here, you know, but we are going to have our Thanksgiving at home. Everything is almost ready. Next week we shall go back to the old house."

"In my father's house," he said, in a strange voice, the words coming slowly as he leaned back in his chair.

"No, no," Sybil cried, in sudden terror, as she clung to him. "Here—here in your very own. It's all ready for you, father—the old books and everything you loved so. You are going to live there and be happy."

He smiled as she threw her arms around him and kissed his eyes and forehead, then rose and moved unsteadily toward his own room, and Sybil, after waiting a little, fearing she hardly knew what, grew quiet as no sound came from the little bedroom, and soon crept softly up to her own.

He was in his chair by the fire when she came down noiselessly the next morning and, startled by the speech which had grown so unaccustomed a sound—

"Dunbar is dead, Sybil," he said. "We are going home to-morrow."

His eyes were clear, and though the words came hesitatingly, he repeated them again as he saw her start, and with a distinctness that proved his full consciousness.

"He said that over and over last night," her mother whispered, as she passed near Sybil. "If anything should happen now to hinder, I know it would kill him."

"Nothing can, I am sure," Sybil said, yet with a faint fear at bottom that nothing was certain.

"He tried to talk, too," her mother went on. "He said 'Give away—give away—everything.' 'Here?' I asked him. 'Yes, everything. Do you think we had better? Perhaps he had rather not see any of the things we have had here?'"

"We won't take anything but grandfather's portrait and some little things," Sybil said, after a moment's thought. "We can settle, what it is best to do, after we are really at home. It all feels natural, mother—doesn't it, to you? We are just going back to our real place."

"Too many hard years in between," her mother said, with a sigh, but smiled presently as she saw the look of contented expectation on her husband's face, and again as Annette's voice sounded from the little shop:

"We're going home, no more to roam."

Miss Dunbar came up in the course of the morning, and having talked over the matter so quietly and naturally that it instantly assumed the right proportions, took Mrs. Waite down with her to the old house, never entered by her since the day she closed the door behind her. There was a little tremor as she once more looked on the familiar surroundings, but she said nothing, and soon was busily occupied in settling the place of this and that piece of furniture, which had been rubbed and polished by George and Linda till small trace of the long storage remained. The villagers who met her on her way home, looked at her with the interest and excitement which filled every one in the little town who had known the old story, and Hopkins shook his head impatiently, as one of the men about the store stove that evening remarked:

"Wal, there is times when the Lord seems to take things into His own hands and straighten 'em out, just in the way you'd do yourself if you had a chance, but wouldn't look for from Him."

"It's all very well to tell about Californy land an' folks gettin' their own," he answered, with a shrug caught from the berated Kanucks; "but it's my opinion the thing's been fixed up to suit these new folks. If Prescott Waite hed hed a mite o' snap he wouldn't be in such a mess, but he never hed grit. The gal's got it all, an' ef she was a boy I wouldn't hev a word to say about the goin's on. She's played her cards well, an' knows how to take the trick every time, innercent as she looks. I tell ye, she's a schemer, an' no mistake."

"You're a bigger fool 'n I ever thought you'd be, Hopkins," said the slow voice of Abijah Peters from behind the stove. "You've talked for quite a spell, jest as if you had a reg'lar spite agin Sybil an' all her folks. Now, the town ain't goin' to hear you out in it, en' bein' as you git your livin' out o' the town, you'd better begin to think what you're talkin' about. You hain't never forgot how Prescott Waite thrashed you when you was a boy; but I say you're too much of a man some ways to be as sneakin' a feller as you be in some others."

Abijah Peters passed out before any answer could be made to this battery, which had been discharged with such precision and effect that Hopkins simply stood open-mouthed, realizing that he was hit, but too overcome for immediate response, and after one furtive look about him to see how many had heard, shuffled out, and was seen no more that evening.

By Tuesday afternoon every preparation was complete; fires burned cheerily in the great rooms, returned at last to their former state, and the Judge looked down once more on the high-backed chair in which he had sat among the books he loved no less than his son had loved them. In the dining-room the table was set for three, and George had left in the pantry a store of delicacies as well as essentials on which he had expended all his energy. He had thought that it must be a family gathering, and neither he nor Linda understood why, as the wheels of the carriage were heard without, both Miss Dunbar and Dorothy vanished through the side-door, beckoning imperatively to them to follow.

"It is better there should be no lookers-on, even friendly ones," Miss Dunbar said. "They will adjust themselves to it better if they are quite alone."

The village were of George's mind, and half-resented this silent taking possession. There had been whispers that a brass band was to come up from St. Albans, and that there might even be a procession and fireworks; and, though Dorothy laughed when she heard this, she herself hoped that they might all eat the Thanksgiving dinner together; Miss Dunbar checked her.

"Sybil would enjoy it," she said, "but you must remember that your Aunt Martha has lived so apart from every day interests that it will take her a long while, I think, to fill her old place in the old way, if she ever does. It isn't as if they were younger people and more easily susceptible. She has thought of nothing but him, and he has brooded over his losses till they have both lost their way. With him it was failing mind that did it, and with her the purest unselfishness; but you and I, Dorothy, have had the best part of this change. Sybil has been too anxious, and is so still, as to its effect on her father to have any real ease."

"It is curious," Dorothy said. "You know I put

crêpe-lisse ruffles in the neck and sleeves of the black cashmere we made over, so that there might be a dress for the Thanksgiving dinner. I hung it up in the closet just as if it had always been there, and told Sybil about it and about her own. I went in Wednesday morning, and Sybil took me into the bedroom to ask about something. Aunt Martha was moving about as quietly as if she had never been away, and while I was standing there went to the closet with some things to hang up. 'Here is something that has been left,' she said, taking down the dress. 'Oh, no!' Sybil said. 'Don't you know? That's the dress they got ready for you to wear Thanksgiving.' She felt it—the pretty soft stuff—gave one look at the ruffles, and then began to cry, standing there with it in her hands. It was the most natural thing I ever saw her do; though, for soon she smiled and said: 'I didn't know that I cared whether I had anything or not, but this feels more like old times than all the rest.' And you don't know how lovely she looked when she put it in—all worn and faded, of course—but as if she had never heard of horrid

old, brown calico. And Sybil in her dark blue! Oh, if John saw her—"

Dorothy colored furiously. What was she saying, and what might not be thought? Miss Dunbar smiled as she saw her terrified look.

"There is no harm done," she said. "Of course, I saw how John felt, and was only surprised that he went away without speaking. I knew that Helen was wrong."

"What did Helen think?" Dorothy faltered. Miss Dunbar laughed and patted her hot cheek.

"Only that John had you in his mind, dear child, and had actually proposed just before he left."

"Poor John," was all Dorothy could say, as she rushed from the room, leaving Miss Dunbar to wonder if by any possibility the child's feelings could have become involved. She sat thinking till Dorothy came in again from the post-office, bringing a handful of letters, among them one in Horace Evarts' handwriting. Miss Dunbar opened it presently, read a few lines, and then, with a startled glance at Dorothy, folded it and went out to her own room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TRESTLE-BOARD OF MY YOUTH.

THEY tell me I am growing old,
My footsteps getting slow;
But yet more haste I seem to make
As down life's hill I go.
I feel my days are quite too short
To finish all my work,
And heed the calls upon my time
That near my pathway lurk.
The changes that from day to day
Take place on every hand
Will force their presence as we pass,
And make some new demand.
Then lay our plans as best we can
For each new-coming day,
We'll find, as always has been found,
These plans oft go astray.
In years long past I look'd around,
And life's broad field surveyed;
I took my trestle-board and drew,
And there my plans I laid.
The end to me seem'd far removed,
And time enough to meet
The few mistakes that I might make,
And thus my plans complete.
The lines throughout my diagram
I spaced and timed with care,
And to each section thus defined,
I gave its wonted share.
I gave to labor its due time,
To study I gave more,
To recreation sparingly,
To rest what there was o'er.
I thought my time I could control
And use it as I will'd;
Alas! I did not count the stops
With which life's road is fill'd.
Now nearly three score years and ten
Have made such change in me,
That few of all my life's designs
Perfected can I see.

One night as on my couch I lay,
Ere sleep had bound me fast,
My thoughts turned on life's varied scenes,
And on the days long past.
A gentle slumber closed my eyes,
Still memories 'round me clung;
In dreams I traveled back again
To days when I was young.
I dreamt I saw a giant tree,
The pride of all the grove;
Its trunk was straight, its branches strong,
And spreading far above.
The "bonnie" birds their summer homes
Among its branches made;
And midday many a tired child
Would seek its grateful shade.
Its elder brothers standing near,
Their war-worn banners torn,
Told the sad tale of lengthened years,
And battles with the storm.
I look'd upon this noble tree,
A prince among his kind,
With strength to meet Old Time's rough hand
And frolic with the wind.
I said my model it should be
With strength and manhood bless'd;
I'd memorize it in my heart
And wear it as my crest.
My dream then changed and years had fled;
That tree once more I sought;
I stood and gazed in silence at
The changes time had wrought.
The parasite had sapped its strength,
Then came the blasting storm;
The scythe of time had done its work,
And all its grandeur shorn.
I looked along its rifted trunk
And saw this truthful line—
It read: "Behold in me, Old Man,
Thy trestle-board design."

DANIEL SICKLES.
S. G. I. G. 35°

PRESIDENTIAL PROBABILITIES.

SEVERAL months ago we took occasion to discuss certain aspects of the Presidential situation, giving in some detail the elements of strength and weakness possessed by certain persons likely to be named in connection with the nomination of each party. So far as the Republican party is concerned, the situation has not materially changed. Upon the whole, it may be said that its prospects for success are somewhat improved. The election of Mr. Carlisle as Speaker, the hesitancy and irresolution displayed by the majority in the House of Representatives, the evident fear of Democratic leaders that something might be done to imperil their chances for success has contributed, more than anything else could, to accomplish the very result they wished to avoid. Their obvious inability to put the tariff question in a shape where it can be relied on to promote the interests of the Democratic party, and their apparent blindness to all those questions which have not an evident and immediate bearing upon a partisan success—these things have done not a little to impair the prospects for Democratic victory. There is nothing so detrimental to a healthy party spirit as hesitation. Certainty of almost any kind is better policy than doubt. The fable of the hinds led by the lion is emphatically true of parties in a republic. If a leader hesitates, his following is sure to break. Boldness is easily forgiven; hesitancy, never. At the opening of the present Congress the Democratic party seemed already to be unfurling the banners of victory. By failing to step forward in unhesitating purpose they have lost in great measure the advantages of the situation. At the same time, the Republican party has only weakly taken advantage of its opportunities. The investigation of the Danville massacre and the Copiah County outrage, especially the latter, are of decided value to the Republicans as another demonstration of the truth which should need no farther proof, that the people did not change their nature as the result of war or any accident of political existence. The people of the South are a product of development; the result of generations of formative events. That which has required centuries of growth cannot be transformed in an hour.

So, too, in the discussion of the tariff, while the Republicans cannot be said to have gained any distinct advantage, the result of hesitancy on the part of their opponents has of necessity tended somewhat in their favor. At the same time, the general outlook remains the most doubtful and uncertain that the country has seen since the memorable days of 1860. It is not only possible, but it is within the probabilities, that either party should succeed in the Presidential struggle. For the first time in almost a quarter of a century, the Republican party has the more doubtful position. Its nomination means only a chance for election. The prospect of victory is not, in the abstract, any better than the chances for defeat. The sixteen Southern states may as well be counted solid for the Democracy at the outset. The action of the Virginia Legislature, by which the management of every ballot box in the state is placed explicitly under the control of the majority in the Legislature, leaves it hardly possible that the opposition should have any chance of success. With every Commissioner of election appointed and controlled by the representatives of the Bourbon faction, an election in Virginia will be the merest farce. There is one advantage in this. It will obviate the neces-

sity of repeating the massacre at Danville. It is cheaper to rule by the ballot than the bullet, even if the ballot is a tissue one. There will be a peaceful election in Virginia next fall, and probably for some years thereafter, but the Republican party will have no more opportunity for obtaining a foothold there than in Alabama. Indeed, the sixteen Southern states, controlling as they do, *eighty-three per cent of the majority in the Electoral College* may as well be counted solidly for the Democratic party. The casting and counting of the ballots is a mere form which might almost be dispensed with so far as any question as to the result is concerned. This leaves only seventeen per cent of a majority in the Electoral College which the Democrats will need to fight for. On the other hand, the Republicans can count with reasonable certainty *only forty-six per cent of a majority of electoral votes, leaving fifty-four per cent of disputable strength*. These facts render it indispensably necessary that the Republican party, if it expects to succeed, shall husband all its strength and make no mistake in the selection of its candidate.

Presidential Preferences.

As the Republican party is compelled—both by its inherent character as representing the progressive element of our national life, and also by the fact that it is the dominant party—to take the initiative, it is natural that the interest of the public should center chiefly on the action of its convention. It is because of this that almost every newspaper of any considerable circulation or influence in that party has already conducted some sort of a preliminary investigation in regard to the probable result of the action of the party. Nearly all of these inquiries have been attempts to ascertain the "preferences" of representative Republicans for Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates. These inquiries proceed upon an essentially false hypothesis, to wit: that the man who is the personal preference of the greater number of active, leading Republicans, is most likely to be the choice of the Convention. This does not by any means follow. The first choice of an actual majority of the whole party might be, and very likely would be, a man who would stand no more chance of an election, if nominated, than the Khan of Tartary. The very elements which have secured to him so large a following of friends, in almost every case will be found to have brought him an equally active array of enemies. A loss of one vote in each township of a single state may more than likely turn the scale in this election. Of this fact every member of the party is well aware. The time when the Republican party could afford to consult the personal preferences of its members and abide the result of such a choice, is past. The inquiry in this campaign must be, "Who can gain the most votes and lose the fewest?" This is an altogether different question from that which has been propounded. Every man who has been named as a favorite would undoubtedly command the most active exertions of his respective friends, and nearly every one would insure the apathy, if not the hostility, of a more or less numerous class within the party, in case of his nomination.

The Continent's Canvass.

FULLY impressed with this idea, the writer began, nearly three months ago, a personal canvass, which he has conducted both *via voce* and by letter in every state

of the North east of Colorado. Of this he has kept an accurate record. Every man whose opinion he has taken he knows to be an earnest, representative Republican. Only a portion of them, probably not one-half, are what are known as active politicians, and only an insignificant minority are office-holders. His sole purpose has been to obtain as closely as he might the general feeling of the average Republican throughout the country in regard to the man who, if nominated, would combine the most active strength with the least amount of opposition in the party. Without going into details, which are often misleading and always tedious, it is sufficient to say that these two inquiries were propounded to over eleven hundred men of the type above indicated:

1. Who of the list of possible candidites if nominated would secure the most general support among Republicans in your vicinity?

2. Who of the possible candidates if nominated would awaken the least hostility or meet with the least apathy among the Republicans of your vicinity?

The answers to the first question were very nearly equally divided between Blaine, Arthur, Logan, Gen. Sherman, and Lincoln. Most of these were noteworthy in the fact that they were greatly affected by location, arranging themselves in groups which might almost be bounded by state lines. The votes for Gen. Sherman and Mr. Lincoln showed no such peculiarity, but were scattered very evenly over the whole territory covered by our inquiries. Some other names also received numerous votes, to wit: John Sherman, Edmunds, Harrison, and Grant. Several others were scatteringly represented.

The answers to the second question showed an amazing unanimity in the opinions of the same parties. Mr. Lincoln had here a majority so great as almost to put him beyond comparison with the others. Those standing nearest were Edmunds, Gen. Sherman, Harrison, and Gresham, in the order in which they stand. These, except Gen. Sherman, were also greatly affected by locality—Mr. Edmunds leading all in Massachusetts and New York and being one of the lowest at the West. While it is not claimed that this canvass is more reliable or any more certainly indicative of Republican preference than another, it is believed that, being made on an altogether different hypothesis, it gives a view of the general sentiment of the party which may be of considerable interest and value to those who desire from all the indications to catch the real drift of Republican feeling. Especially is the result significant, when we consider the fact that in every canvass of preferences, so far as they have come under our observation, there has been a remarkable unanimity in the choice of Mr. Lincoln as the most available candidate for the Vice-Presidency. This fact is a very notable confirmation of the result of the canvass we have made. As has been remarked, the ordinary method of conducting a preliminary canvass is to inquire the preferences of active party leaders and workers. Such a canvass may be colored more or less with the idea of the comparative strength of individuals, but, as a rule, that sentiment is more apt to find expression in the choice for the second than for the first place upon the ticket. A man who is an enthusiastic follower of Mr. Blaine, receiving one of the ordinary inquiries as to his preferences for the nomination, very naturally writes down the name of his hero, and then casts about to see what name, as a second on the ticket, would add most strength, or be most likely to disarm opposition to his

favorite. The same is true with a follower of Edmunds, of Sherman, and, indeed, of every possible candidate except General Logan, whose location renders it impossible that the two names should be united on the same ticket. The same in a less degree is true also of Mr. Harrison and Mr. Gresham. Leaving out these three, in almost any canvass that has fallen under our eye, and the choice of Mr. Lincoln for Vice-President is almost unanimous. What does this signify? Simply that the followers of all the other presidential candidates recognize the fact that Mr. Lincoln's candidacy for the second place on the ticket is an almost essential element of the success of their respective favorites. In other words, their actual diagnosis of the public sentiment has been the same as ours, but, being biased by a special preference, each has thought of Mr. Lincoln chiefly as a desirable prop for his favorite. This unconscious testimony on the part of active champions of other candidates to the singular fitness and strength of Mr. Lincoln, is very significant, and marks him as "A Coming Man" of infinite possibilities.

The Republican Convention of 1884 will not be managed by wire-workers. Every keen-eyed politician has already noted the signs of the times in this respect. There are no Blaine, Sherman or Edmunds' clubs. Whether the President or his friends have organized any movement on his behalf is so much a matter of doubt that his bitterest enemies find it impossible to demonstrate that such is the case. Everybody recognizes the fact that the occasion is a peculiar one. The temper of the people is not to be trifled with. Every politician sees that no ring can be put in the nose of the Republican leviathan. They see very clearly that no man for whom is organized a boom, or who schemes and fights and lies for the nomination will get it. There will be no scalping done this time. No man who goes to the convention with war paint on the face of his braves, and his knife in his belt, will have the slightest show of success. The people are bound to take the matter in hand and decide it for themselves. The strong, underlying sense of the rank and file will dictate the result. Every man knows that we are to have a struggle this year in which not one voter can be spared. No one who has been prominent in any previous fight has any good prospect of success. Neither "Stalwart" nor "Half-breed," "Liberal" or "Straight-out" must have any fair ground for disaffection. Above all, the younger elements of the party must have a candidate especially calculated to stimulate each one of them to especial activity. All of these indications, in our opinion, point to one result. We believe it to be almost beyond question that Mr. Lincoln will be one of the nominees of the Republican party, and the probabilities are so great as almost to be accounted a certainty that he will be the head of the ticket.

We know that this opinion is not generally entertained by party workers and professional prophets. For that reason we have given in some detail the ground of our conviction. We admit that we are not in the counsels of any clique or faction. We do not wish to be. We have been taught by experience to distrust especially the opinion of the political worker, and to seek for that undertow of political thought that decides all controversy in party and nation in the last resort. We believe that the signs of the times show unmistakably that the tide is setting irresistibly in the direction we have indicated.

A. W. TOURGÉE.

MIGMA.

THE PRINCIPAL OFFICE OF THE CONTINENT IS NOW AT 23 PARK ROW, NEW YORK. Mail Matter not so addressed is necessarily delayed, and is far more likely to be lost altogether than if sent direct. Editors of exchanges, publishers of books intended for review, and ALL CORRESPONDENTS will please note the change. The Philadelphia office will be kept open for the reception of subscriptions and advertisements, but parties who have to address us by mail should do so at the New York office.

THANKS to the kindness and activity of our friends, the circulation of THE CONTINENT has steadily increased, until now we are obliged to print a little over *thirty-one thousand copies of each number, with a still upward tendency.* We hoped to reach *forty thousand* during the present season, and are not yet without hope of doing so! If only *one-third of our readers* will send us *one new name apiece, it will be done!* In view of this we make the following announcements:

- 1—We will send THE CONTINENT to new subscribers from Jan. 1st, 1884, for one year, for three dollars, with a copy of Judge Tourgée's new book, "An Appeal to Caesar," (to be published in a few weeks,) as a premium.
- 2—To every old subscriber who will procure and send us *two* new ones at the above rate we will send one copy of the same work.
- 3—This offer, as well as all our Combination Rates, will remain good only until *the fifteenth day of April.* From and after that date THE CONTINENT will be furnished to subscribers *only at the regular rate of \$4.00 for one year.*

A WORD to the wise is sufficient. We have offered the most unprecedented terms, and they have been very widely taken advantage of; but there are no doubt thousands who are merely delaying the matter to a more convenient season. This will never come. In order to offer irresistible inducements we, in many cases, reduced THE CONTINENT, in combination with other periodicals, to the very lowest limit of self-support. In some cases we paid full rates for other magazines in order to give them to our patrons at a discount. We did it as a matter of business, and the result has justified the wisdom of this course. At the same time it is not a system that we are able or desire to pursue. A fair price for a good thing is sound policy for both buyer and seller. Our discounts were merely introductory advertising. We give a good month for any who still desire to take advantage of any of these offers, or to induce their friends to do so, to send on their subscriptions. *From that time forward there will be no abatement from the regular price to subscribers.*

THE editor was amazed, the other day, on opening his daily paper to find the following: "Judge Tourgée has been compelled to cancel all his lecture engagements, because of overwork and anxiety." As it happened, the party aforesaid had never been in more robust health than at the moment of reading the above bit of news. He had not cancelled any lecture engage-

ments, though he had asked his agents to make no more dates for him, in order that he might devote himself to a work which has been promised at a day now uncomfortably near at hand. The ill-health of a member of his family had given him no little anxiety, but at the time the report appeared, apprehension on this ground had fortunately ceased. So he read the story of his sad plight with body and brain in prime condition, an appetite that would do honor to a mastodon, and a capacity for work never excelled. It brought a funny sensation to know that thousands who would read that paragraph would, perhaps, waste a little sympathy, or at least take time to say, "I told you so," as they gave a moment's thought to one who, at some time, had been to them a living presence—an element of good or evil in their several lives, and know that this sympathy was wasted. It was as if we had taken tribute of their love by some sort of false pretence. Almost unconsciously we glanced about the cabin of the ferryboat, in which we were seated, to note if any one we knew was in sight. We thought of the amazement with which our acquaintances would gaze upon our undiminished corporeity and wonder where the effects of overwork came in. A pretty specimen of the overworked, indeed! We remembered our favorite discourse upon "Give us a Rest," and thought how the many thousands we had warned against the gaunt devil in to-day's life would now shout, "Physician, heal thyself!" So, blushing and sweating over another's false report, we went on our way only to meet at the office the same thing in a new form—the first letter of condolence!

If any thing could compensate for being made the victim of carelessness or spleen in this manner, it is the letters that for the past week have poured into the office of THE CONTINENT. Friends whom we had half-forgotten—friends whom we had never known—high and low, from far and near—they sent their sympathy in every conceivable phrase of loving commiseration. Thanks—a thousand thanks to one and all. We are almost sorry that they are not demanded by our mental or bodily condition, they are so exceeding sweet. Words of advice, of remonstrance, of good cheer! Proffers of aid, invitations to quiet homes and one tender of a year of foreign travel, with expenses paid! God bless the dear kind friends to whom our supposed weakness was an occasion for such generous and kindly manifestations. Their consideration has made to seem more worthy the life they esteemed highly enough to sanctify it with their love.

THE matter has had its funny side, too. Sturdy worker as we have been, our indignation was unbounded at the idea that we could not do almost anything we chose. If we had not been a backslider by confirmed habit we might have been in danger of losing something of practical piety over the report. An incident that followed hard upon it gave a ludicrous turn to the matter that it was impossible to resist. A Brooklyn paper, a day or two afterwards, announced that "Judge Tourgée would hold a reception at No. — Columbia Heights, on the evening of —." The date has not yet arrived and we do not know what may come of this

announcement, but, oddly enough, it is the evening of the very day our convalescent better-half sails for Florida for rest, a good time and renewed youth. Indeed, it is she who had been the proper recipient of the sympathy wasted on her tough and ugly partner. To save our life we could not help thinking of Hood's English lass, who once upon a time

"Was seized with symptoms of such swift decline—
Cough, hectic flushes, every evil sign
That, as their want is in such desperate pass,
The doctors turned her over to an ass!

* * * * *
The neighbors sighed 'Poor Mary Ann!
She can't get well, she never can!
When lo! to prove each prophet was a ninny,
The one that died was the poor wet-nurse, Jinny!"

We had never worked harder or easier than during the present winter, but she who had so long watched with unremitting care over our health, had been visited with disease. Luckily all danger had passed, so that there was nothing of apprehension or solemnity in the parting, but only think how absurdly unkind was this suggestion of some volunteer reporter, who no doubt hoped that his announcement would bring its own fulfilment.

* * *
THERE is room for consolation in it too. The following excerpt from a morning paper shows that a man may count himself lucky if the zealous representatives of an enterprising press do not kill him outright: "Dr. Lange, the distinguished divine and commentator at Bonn, was reported in American papers as having met with a mysterious death in the canal at Hamburg. We now learn that Dr. Lange, though eighty-two years of age, is still lecturing in the University, and has just published a pamphlet on the theology of Dr. Ritschel, of Göttingen." A tolerable lively old corpse it would seem, though the press-gang, knowing his age, may have thought it a more sensible thing for him to drown himself than issue a volume on theology at that time of life.

* * *
THE interest awakened in international copyright by the introduction of a measure, designed to secure equal privileges to foreign and domestic authors, bids fair to die away without any very tangible results. This fact is due in the main to the defects of the bill itself. It seems to have been drawn with so little attention to the various phases of the subject matter involved as to produce the impression that the bill was the work of an unskilled clerk, who had simply received instructions to prepare a measure of that character by copying a part of the existing statute and adding certain loosely-defined provisions thereto. As it thus stood originally the bill was bad enough, but it was made worse in committee, where a series of cumbrous and incongruous amendments were tacked on to it, as if with the specific and determined purpose of rendering the measure ridiculous. Unfortunately the author of the bill did not appear to regard it as a matter worthy of any careful consideration; neither did he seem to be aware of the force of the existing law as it has been construed by the courts. No sooner was it made public, therefore, than it was assailed from all sides with comment, which showed its almost irremediable defects. The question itself is one of the most intricate and difficult that has ever attracted the attention of our legislators. The courts having, by a long line of decisions, established the hypothesis, that an author's right in his works is not a natural one, but only one conferred by statute; it

becomes a question of public policy what shall be the extent and limitations of that right. Morally it would seem that his rights should be illimitable and indestructible. Why a man should not have an absolute and indefeasible property in the product of his brain, as well as of his hand, is a question that no man has been able yet to answer. If we accept the doctrine that labor is the creator of property, and that the man who creates has the right to enjoy, then the only limitation that should affect the author's right is that which healthy competition gives. This view of copyright, however, is not the question embraced in the pending discussion. The attempt is not made to extend the author's right to its apparent natural limit, but only to place the foreign author upon an equal footing with the American writer. By the present law only a resident of the United States can obtain copyright of his work therein. In Great Britain there is no such limitation. An American author can obtain copyright of his work in England upon precisely the same terms as if he were a subject of the Queen. There is only this one limitation, common to both, that the publication, in the country where it is copyrighted, must not be forestalled by previous publications elsewhere. The provisions for copyright in the United States are equally simple. The author must file two copies of his title page with the Librarian of Congress, stating in writing the fact that he desires copyright thereon. Thereupon the law protects the work on which he is engaged from plagiarism by another, and gives to him a reasonable time in which to complete and publish the same. It must be published in the United States before having been published elsewhere; so that all an American author has to do in order to obtain copyright in both Great Britain and in the United States, is to comply with the conditions precedent in each, and have his work published on the same day in both. The avowed object of the bill, introduced by Mr. Dorsheimer, of New York, was to give the foreign author the same right in this country, as the citizen of the United States now has to copyright his work. Instead of doing this and no more, it attempted to give him one year after publication abroad in which to file his application for copyright in the United States, and make publication therein. The fact that in the meantime an enterprising publisher might have pirated the work, and supplied the demand, showed the utter impracticability of the proposed measure. Also, the fact that it contained no provision by which the importation of the foreign edition, which might also glut and destroy the market as well as serve as a special statutory protection for the foreign publisher might be prevented, rendered it certain that when the bill once came to be examined it would receive neither the approval of Congress, of foreign or domestic authors, or anybody else who desired an effective copyright measure, or the protection of a trade now thoroughly demoralized by cheap reprints of foreign works, many of which are of a very undesirable character.

* * *
ONE of those intellectual dyspeptics, a hard-worked author, whose literary taste is of that fastidious character that needs to be tempted with the best, writes to us: "Please send me *THE CONTINENT* regularly. I find myself reading it from end to end, for some reason or other, while other magazines presenting so much at once, somehow overpower my appetite and are only skimmed over. *I want the weekly every week.*" This is the verdict of all our subscribers for whom the weekly is specially prepared.



THE last novel of F. Marion Crawford, "To Leeward,"¹ is written in the best style of that delightful writer. His descriptions of Italy are delicious. He who has spent sunny weeks in that country, whose mystic charm is half in association, cannot fail to revive, in these pages, the mood in which he wandered from palace to cathedral, from villa to ruin, all bathed in that light which only glows where multitudes of our fellows have lived and loved, suffered and enjoyed. Again, we gaze over the undulating campagna with its tortuous aqueduct creeping along toward the Alban hills, fading into the purple distance; again, saunter under the twisted olives and listen to the song of the contadina, or watch the water lazily lapping the shore of the fairest land upon which the sun ever shone.

The author has steeped himself in the very atmosphere of that enchanted country. Once upon a time—and it is not so very long ago, for he has yet hardly seen thirty—Mr. Crawford assumed the dress of the peasants, and lived among them, sharing their simple fare and entering deeply into the spirit of the region. He knows how the people of every station live, and how they would act under given circumstances. And he has an imagination adequate to populate the fair places of the earth with just such persons as might, and perhaps have, dwelt among them. The consequence is a series of pictures strongly-outlined, vigorous, and real. They are not mere lay figures, they affect us startlingly as persons do whom, if we have not yet met, we might meet—in Italy—all, save Leonora, who bears less resemblance to nature than the others. He has failed to make her quite what she should be. No pure, proud girl, howsoever imaginative, willful and foolish she may be, is quite so thoughtless and hard, and cruel, as this young wife. Married to a stupidly good man, she is fascinated by the well-drawn type of a certain class, Julius Batiscombe, a handsome author, full of talent and tact, who is the serpent of the Sorrento Eden, which they visit soon after their union. He wins her absorbing love during Marcantonio's absence in Rome, but the slow-moulded husband remains quite unconscious of the change on his return. The whole movement of the story exhibits a series of portentous scenes on the exquisite background of it all, in which the final tragedy looms upon the horizon like a terrible cyclone. There is scarce a ray of light and not a gleam of humor to act as a relief; the high lights of the panorama have been entirely omitted. The only foil to the general wretchedness is the fair, stately figure of Diana, the noble sister of the husband, Marcantonio Carantoni. Whether purposely or not, she is made a slightly wearisome personage, with her mathematical virtues, though she is not above allowing Batiscombe to dangle at her heels as her respectful lover, and she is represented as happy though she has made a *marriage de convenance*, and makes no pretence of loving any one but her brother. We cannot get rid of the feeling that she is posing for effect. Diana plays the part of a good angel for her brother, but cannot avert the Fates. She is powerless to separate the guilty pair, and Leonora flies with the conscienceless Batiscombe. Marcantonio, whose reason is overwhelmed by the shock, escapes his

sister's watchfulness, and goes in search of the lovers whom he finds just as Leonora's conscience had awakened her to misery. He fires. Leonora throws herself before Batiscombe and receives in her own heart the fatal shot intended for his. And the gay Lothario, after exhibiting some devotion for her sake who had died for him, "is writing novels again and smoking cigarettes between the phrases."

The plot is hackneyed, but the treatment is thoroughly artistic and skillful; and yet its lurid scenes are so unrelieved by faith and happiness and duty and pure affection, save in the case of Diana's love for her brother, that it cannot be classed among those wholesome works of art which are at the same time a pleasure and an exhilaration. It is sombre from first to last, dealing with motives and situations which suggest more evils than they avert, though the moral may be plain enough.

The tendency of Dr. Claudius was to a happy and pleasant conclusion; this, on the contrary, increases in fateful gloom until we are glad when the final page is turned. May Mr. Crawford's genius in his succeeding books illuminate a more natural phase of that great theme which moves all the world.

THE new anthology of "English Verse"¹ is now fully before the public, the five volumes containing it, being of convenient size for easy handling, and type and general make-up being of that neat and thorough workmanship which the Scribners always send out. One fact becomes more evident with each one of the five volumes—namely, that the two editions have worked with the strictest independence: Mr. Stoddard's part being confined to the writing of a critical and historical introduction to each volume. In the beginning it is announced that the work was suggested by the many defects of existing anthologies, and that the aim has been throughout to secure as absolutely accurate a rendering of the text as possible. To this end Mr. Linton spent more than a year in the British Museum comparing editions and critical commentaries of every description, the results of this labor being incorporated in notes, which, short as most of them are, are full of interest and information.

Mr. Stoddard's critical ability has never been more fully shown. Fastidious without being finical, the nicest taste, the most delicate discrimination distinguishes his work as editor. Yet evidently he and Mr. Linton have been at cross-purposes here and there, the volume of "Translations," where many names mentioned in his introduction, have no place in the body of the volume. Mr. Stoddard regards "the current of translation" as an affluent of English verse, and writes of it in its historical and chronological order, and Mr. Linton proceeds to arrange his selections not by translators, but by authors, placing the translator's name at the end of each specimen, but not in the index. The translators thus come together in the most singularly hap-hazard fashion, and Mr. Stoddard's theory is scattered to the winds.

What shall be said also of an anthology which, professing to cover a broader field than anything heretofore given, has no word for Rogers, Crabbe, Young, Beattie or Shenstone, Gay, Goldsmith and Johnson, Swift or Prior, or a dozen other names equally representative of certain schools? The sixteenth century receives the minutest and most appreciative treatment;

(1) TO LEeward. By F. Marion Crawford, 16mo, pp. 411, \$1.25; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

(1) ENGLISH VERSE. Edited by W. J. Linton and R. H. Stoddard. 5 vols., 16m, pp. 331, 336, 342, 321, 336. \$1.00 per volume; Charles Scribner's Sons.

the eighteenth is as calmly ignored as if it never had existence. Admitting its limitations and avidity, the men who wrote in it were often the finest of literary artists, and to drop them entirely from the list of worthies is a simple absurdity. Extracts, too, are deprecated; the rule being to take entire poems or nothing, and thus many poets find no real representation whatever. When, however, all this has been said, the fact remains that in many points the collection is unique, and that it has full place, side by side even with Ward's "English Poets;" in many points the best anthology ever made.

JOAQUIN MILLER is about to publish in the *Springfield Republican* a serial story of Mormon life, founded on fact, under the title of "Sealed Unto Him."

THE authorship of the much discussed book on Berlin society is as strenuously repudiated by every one to whom it is attributed as is that of "The Breadwinners."

WILLIAM MORRIS, who has of late devoted himself chiefly to social questions, has written a poem for the English *Illustrated Magazine*, entitled "Meeting in Winter."

A SHELF in each library must presently be devoted to queens; the latest royal venture in literature being that of Donna Paz, the daughter of Queen Isabella, who has published a private edition of "The Poems of Paz de Bourbon."

THE Scribners have in press a revised and enlarged edition of Mr. Schuyler's "Peter the Great," much new material having been collected since its first appearance. The present edition will contain the illustrations which accompanied the publication as a serial.

ONE verse-maker the less in this day of universal verse-making will hardly count as a relief, though, indeed, there was a suggestion of genuine poetic power in the work of the young writer, May Probyn, who, having been converted to Catholicism and become a Sister of Charity, renounces, with other worldly things, the writing of verses.

A SPIRITED translation by W. H. G. Kingston of one of Jules Verne's shorter stories, "Underground City; or, The Child of the Cavern," comes from Porter & Coates. It is life down in a coal mine, and a most preposterous life at that, but there is no harm in the romance, and its picturesqueness and rapid narrative will beguile other readers than the boys for whom it was intended. (12mo, pp. 246, \$1.25.)

A CHARMING addition has been made to the pretty "Parchment Paper Series," of D. Appleton & Co., in "Pictures of English Society," a set taken from some of the best and most distinctive work Du Maurier has ever given *Punch*. The sketches are forty in number, reduced from the original size, but carefully printed, and there is a delightful bit of occupation between the covers. (pp. 89, 30 cents.)

THE prize of \$500 for the best short story recently offered by the owners of *Swinton's Story Teller*, has been gained by Mr. John Dimitry, of the *Evening Mail and Express*. "Le Tombeau Blanc" is a story of the effect of leprosy and the misery it produces in an aristocratic Louisiana family, and is pronounced to be "at the same time a model of literary art and at once a tribute and an encouragement to human nature."

THE holiday number of the "Lovel Library" will be popular for many holidays to come, the selection being the "Christmas Books" of the genial satirist Thackeray, embracing "Mrs. Perkins's Ball," "Our Street," "Dr. Birch and his Young Friends," and "The Kickleburys on the Rhine." The edition has sixty-five full-page illustrations from Thackeray's pencil, and is carefully printed on

good paper. (Paper, pp. 162, 20 cents; John W. Lovell Company.)

IN spite of its somewhat stilted style it is a chatty, and, on the whole, rather agreeable guide-book which is furnished us in "Notes on Washington; or, Six Years at the National Capital." By Jane W. Gemmill. The various points of interest, from the Capitol to historic mansions, are described fully, and one who has not seen Washington may, by the aid of photographs, gain an excellent idea of the city. (12mo, pp. 316, \$1.25; E. C. Claxton & Co., Philadelphia.)

THE London *Spectator*, in many points the best literary authority of the day, has lately made an amusing blunder. "Last month it reviewed a certain book with some severity, hinting that the author had made herself ridiculous, and mentioning 'the exceedingly repulsive features of a novel which has no attractive ones.' A week or two ago it returned again to the subject, and, entirely ignoring its former review, declared that the work was 'a very lively story, which we have read with much pleasure, and can recommend anyhow to older readers,' and that 'the effect of the book generally is good, and its tone sound and wholesome.'"

MR. GEORGE P. UPTON's excellent translation of the "Life of Wagner," by Louis Nohl, adds another to the pleasant series, "Biographies of Musicians," published by Jansen & McClurg, of Chicago. The author's fitness for the task may be inferred from the fact that as the translation went to press the announcement came from Germany that the prize offered by the Prague Concordia for the best essay on "Wagner's Influence upon the National Art" had been adjudged to him. The story is simply but charmingly told, and will hold its place as at present the most faithful record of the great musician's life. (16mo, with portrait, pp. 204, \$1.25.)

THE BOYS OF THIRTY-FIVE. A Story of a Seaport Town, by Edward Henry Elwell, editor of the *Portland Press*, are very genuine boys, and the record is evidently taken from life. All that can happen to adventurous youngsters, who sail and row and manage a boat almost from infancy, does happen; school and home, holidays and work days, all have record, and the only question is, if the boy of eighty-three will not be stimulated to pranks of which he has already a quite sufficient fund. Mr. Elwell's book is simple and brightly written, and his reminiscences, for such they evidently are, amusing and interesting. (16mo, pp. 255, \$1.25; Lee & Shepard, Boston.)

BYRON's delight in the work of Walter Scott, is proved again in a recently printed letter from a friend of the poet: "He was very fond of Scott's novels—you will have observed they were always scattered about his rooms at Metaxata. The day before he left the island I happened to receive a copy of 'Quentin Durward,' which I put into his hand, knowing that he had not seen it, and that he wished to obtain the perusal of it. He immediately shut himself in his room, and in his eagerness to indulge in it, refused to dine with the officers of the Eighth Regiment at their mess, or even to join us at the table, but merely came out once or twice to say how much he was entertained, returning to his chamber with a plate of figs in his hand. He was exceedingly delighted with 'Quentin Durward'—said it was excellent, especially the first volume and part of the second, but that it fell off toward the conclusion, like all the more recent of these novels; it might be, he added, owing to the extreme rapidity with which they were written—admirably conceived and as well executed at the outset, but hastily finished off."

IN a chatty article on the habits of authors, *All the Year Around* gives the picture of Wordsworth's study—one that proved as friendly to Hawthorne also. "Words-

worth composed his verses while walking, carried them in his memory, and got his wife or daughter to write them down on his return. When a visitor at Rydal Mount asked to see the poet's study, the maid is reported to have shown him a little room containing a handful of books lying about on the table, sofa and shelves, and to have remarked: 'This is the master's library where he keeps his books, but,' returning to the door, 'his study is out of doors,' whereupon she curtsied the visitor into the garden again. Landor also used to compose while walking, and therefore always preferred to walk alone. Buckle walked every morning for a quarter of an hour before breakfast, and said that having adopted this custom upon medical advice, it had become necessary. 'Heat or cold, sunshine or rain, made no difference to him either for that morning stroll, or for the afternoon walk which had its appointed time and length, and which he would rarely allow himself to curtail, either for business or for visits.'"

THE amount of labor bestowed upon Mr. Charles Gardner Wheeler's latest edition to the list of reference books in "The Course of Empire. Outlines of the Chief Political Changes in the History of the World, (Arranged by Centuries,) with Variorum Illustrations," will hardly be realized by the average reader. In it, as the author states in his modest preface, "one may readily trace the rise and growth of the more important states and empires—their revolutions, decline and fall—and may see at a glance the states that have been in existence at the beginning of each century. . . . These Outlines will provide the general reader with a small manual for easy and quick reference—a hand-book to answer the every-day questions about the world's political changes, and also to provide the student of history with a comprehensive outline view of the whole subject, preparatory to (or in connection with) more extensive study or reading." A careful map is given with each century, the salient events of which are described in brief, sometimes in the author's own words, but quite as often by a quotation from some ripe and acknowledged authority. Prose and poetry join hands, and with its clear page, copious index and its convenient size, the book fills a place that more elaborate ones have been unable to take—their price, or the amount of knowledge necessary to use them to any real purpose, making them rather for the trained student than the ordinary reader. (8vo, pp. 459, \$2.00; James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.)

AMONG the most valuable of recent aids to Biblical study must rank, "Biblical Lights and Side Lights: A Cyclopedia of Ten Thousand Illustrations and Thirty Thousand Cross-References." By Rev. Charles E. Little. It is wholly unlike any volume of Biblical Analysis. Its quotations come wholly under the head of *striking facts, interesting incidents and remarkable statements*. The pages are not lumbered with a mass of mere verbal selections, which in practical use consume time and exhaust one's patience. Each quotation has its own topic. The cross-references serve the practical ends of an analytical arrangement, without surrendering the more convenient alphabetical order of topics. Sunday-school teachers and all workers in these lines will find it an invaluable aid, and its clear print and substantial paper make it as attractive as useful. (8vo, pp. 630, \$4.00; Funk & Wagnalls). The same publishers issue also an American edition of "Oehler's Old Testament Theology," edited by Professor George E. Day, of Yale. Of its high character there is but one opinion. It is constantly cited in the latest and best foreign works in theological literature. Its use as a text book in this country is opening a new field of Biblical knowledge, and has given fresh interest to the study of Hebrew in consequence of the many Hebrew passages cited and commented on by Dr. Oehler. The work also covers the whole ground of *Israelitish His-*

tory and Jewish Archaeology, in their intimate connection with Old Testament Theology. (8vo, pp. 593, \$3.00.)

IN these days, when of making many books there is no end, it is a question whether a book made up of compilations from other books is of any great value. At any rate, the title of such a book should give some clue to its contents. The title of "Characteristics," the latest work of Mr. A. P. Russell, though the word itself is not suggestive of anything, leads us to infer, at least, original "Sketches and Essays;" there is very little of anything original in the book, which is simply a collection of anecdotes about distinguished people, with a good deal of what has been said about these distinguished people by other distinguished people. Every little while the cards are shuffled, and there is a new deal of the material for a new chapter with a different heading; but the composition of the whole seems to have been conducted much as Mr. Emerson wrote his essays—by noting down a thought—in Mr. Russell's case an extract—on a slip of paper and throwing it into a basket of similar slips, till the accumulation proves enough to be strung together in an essay. Mr. Russell has apparently browsed about in an excellent library; and being a man evidently of good taste and sound literary criticism he has made excellent extracts, for each of which he gives due credit to the author in question; for we would by no means imply that he has plagiarized or stolen, but merely that he has quoted. The selections are all good, but so familiar that the reader is tempted to raise his eyebrows mildly and say to Mr. Russell: "I, too, sometimes browse!" As a critic, we are pardonably conscious of having read a good deal, but we are quite willing to confess that there are probably a great many people who have read as much as we have; by which we merely mean to imply that a great many people have read as much as Mr. Russell has. (Crown 8vo, pp. 362, \$2.00; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

A DAUGHTER OF THE GODS. How She Came Into Her Kingdom. A Romance, by Charles M. Clay. 12mo. pp. 337, \$1.00; White, Stokes & Allen.

IS ROMANISM GOOD ENOUGH FOR ROMANISTS? By Justin D. Fulton, D. D. Paper. Funk & Wagnalls.

ENGLISH COMIC DRAMATISTS. Edited by Oswald Crawford. Parchment Series. 18mo, pp. 283, \$1.25; D. Appleton & Co.

HAND-BOOK OF SANITARY INFORMATION FOR HOUSEHOLDERS. Containing Facts and Suggestions about Ventilation, Drainage, Care of Contagious Diseases, Disinfection, Food and Water. With Appendices on Disinfectants and Plumbers' Materials. By Roger S. Tracy, M. D. Square 18mo, pp. 115, 75 cents; D. Appleton & Co.

THE POST-NICENE LATIN FATHERS. By Rev. George A. Jackson. Early Christian Literature Primers. 18mo, pp. 231, 75 cents; D. Appleton & Co.

PICTURES OF ENGLISH SOCIETY. By George Du Maurier. From Punch. Parchment Paper Series, No. IV. 18mo, pp. 89, 30 cents; D. Appleton & Co.

HEALTH AT HOME. By A. H. Guernsey and Irenaeus P. Davis, M. D. Home Book Series. 12mo, pp. 155, \$1.00; D. Appleton & Co.

FALLACIES. A View of Logic from the Practical Side. By Alfred Sidgwick. International Scientific Series. 12mo, pp. 375, \$1.50; D. Appleton & Co.

THE QUESTION OF SHIPS. The Navy and the Merchant Marine. By J. D. Jerrold Kelley. 12mo, pp. 229, \$1.25; Charles Scribner's Sons.

QUOTATIONS IN THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Crawford Howell Toy. 8vo, pp. 321, \$3.50; Charles Scribner's Sons.

NEWPORT. By George Parsons Lathrop. 16mo, pp. 297, \$1.25; Charles Scribner's Sons.

VESTIGIA. By George Fleming. 16mo, pp. 288, \$1.25; Roberts Brothers.

OLD LADY MARY. A Story of the Seen and the Unseen. 16mo, pp. 124, 75 cents; Roberts Brothers.

PILGRIM SORROW. A Cycle of Tales, by (Carmen Sylva) Queen Elizabeth, of Roumania. Translated by Helen Zimmern. 16mo, pp. 262, \$1.50; Henry Holt & Co.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

The Nursery Spider.

COME children who fancy we spiders are fools,
And see the lace houses we build without tools;
I'm just about finishing one at my lattice,
Come quick, and I'll operate for you all gratis.
And where, do you think, are my shuttle and loom?
You see no machinery here in the room—
No silk, thread or cotton, and yet you all see
This elegant fabric is woven by me.
It's all in my little round abdomen here;
No steam apparatus to burst, never fear.
I cannot explain to you just how I do it—
Look sharp and perhaps your bright eyes will see
through it,

The costume Cinderella wore at her first ball
Was woven like this, methinks, robe, veil and all;
With hues of the rainbow the fabric was blended,
She captured the prince, but you know how it ended.
What would a young lady not give to possess
A pattern of this woven in a full dress;
The weaver, if human, would win a great name,
While we humble spiders no credit may claim,
For though we are skillful, and modest and wise,
And try to relieve you of troublesome flies,
We're hunted and scouted with duster and broom,
And all our bright tapestry swept from the room.
When queries what spiders were made for arise,
Some wiseacre answers: "They're made to catch flies."
"And what were flies made for," he answers again.
"To feed hungry spiders, I am sure this is plain."
Now this is false logic, or reason on wings.
Observe how I amputate this beetle's wings,
Then done like an M.D. with minus a tool,
Now have I not proved you the spider's no fool?
I've shown him a weaver the first in the nation,
An architect planning his own habitation;
Inventor of nets, to catch fishes with wings;
A surgeon accomplishing wonderful things.
And last—you'll admit, little children, I know it,
His maiden speech proves him a scholar and poet.

H. F. VAN DYCK.

A Nightmare.

(From the fact.)

I SLEPT and dreamed, but cannot portray
That most uncommon vision;
I shook, one moment, in dismay,
Another, in derision.
Yet in that phantom's soulless face
I saw an odd reflection
Of one who holds the foremost place
Within my fond affection.
"Be flattered, egotist," said he.
"Thrice proud and happy be you!
Alone of all mankind, you see—
Yourself as others see you!"

SELECTIONS.

Ode to the Organ-grinder.

AWAY, delusive organ-man,
With notes of gentle spring.
It is an insane plea
A polar blast to bring
By grinding of the season,
That is not, yet to be;
Give music with a reason—
About the Arctic sea.
Don't Vennorize your ditty,
Nor Wigginize the air,
But make it truthful, witty,
Or climb the golden stair,

For bricks will surely hit you
And smash your crazy box—
Then hie away and get you
Behind some safety locks.

—Cambridge Tribune.

THE actor down to the footlights strode;
His strides they were immense,
And from his parted lips there flowed
A stream of eloquence.
What caused the actor's head to spin,
And his sight to leave him there?
'Twas the blaze of the plumber's diamond pin
Which gleamed in an orchestra chair.

—Somerset Journal.

The Whiffletree.

So you would like to know something about the whiffletree, would you? All right, Cornelia, you shall know all we can tell you regarding it. We don't pretend to be a natural history, and we never affect the style and manners of a gazetteer; but when such a charming and delightful creature as you are, or rather as we cannot help imagining you to be, asks to be enlightened, we must throw aside our icy reserve, and gently but firmly ladle you out the desired information.

Most young ladies who write to us for information ask such questions as: Is it hurtful to eat ice-cream at breakfast? How do you make caramels? In the language of love, what does "gum-drop" mean? How old was Charles Reade when he wrote "Richelieu"?

You do not belong to that school of females, Cornelia; you ask a solid, sensible question, which shows that you are trying to improve your provincial mind, and make yourself a better woman and a more graceful ornament to society. Therefore, we take pleasure in posting you on the history and manners of the whiffletree.

The whiffletree, Cornelia, is a small tree about the size of the dog-wood. Its branches spread out considerably, and its leaves are hard, brittle and full of small perforations. It grows in the southern part of Africa, and is much used by the natives in the construction of bows and spears. At night, when everything is wrapped in sweet repose, the wind rustles through the perforated leaves and makes a sort of weird sound, known as a whiffle; hence the name whiffletree.

We think it was Sir William Jones who wrote a moonlight madrigal containing the lines:

"The twilight has passed, and the moon is up,
And sails down the sky like a silver cup,
And the whiffletrees join in the ocean's roar,
And whiffle and whiffle along the shore."

Many other travelers allude to this curious tree, which lives to the age of a hundred years. It bears a small fruit something like an apricot, which is a great favorite with the natives, whose superstition leads them often to worship the tree. When it whiffles loud, the native thinks it is angry with him, and beats his breast with a stone to appease its wrath. On the contrary, when it whiffles a low, tender melody, it is thought to be a sign of peace, prosperity and good luck. We never hear much of its fruit, because the natives will not allow any of it to be taken away. Travelers are always safe under the whiffletree, because wild animals flee from it filled with indescribable terror when it begins to whiffle. Many pleasant legends of this wonderful tree have been translated by travelers, and we should be more than happy to give them to you if we had the space to spare. Some time when you are feeling inquisitive, and in a condition to receive information, please write and ask us if the "memoranda" is a snake of the anaconda family, or something of that kind.

R. K. M. in Puck.

